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Summary of the News

The most notable feature of the struggle in the Somme region is the promptness with which the British, after checking heavy German counter-attacks, have resumed the offensive. The counter-attacks, which were most violent in Delville Wood and at Longueval, were partially successful at these points early last week, but were subsequently thrown back, the British again carrying their drive into Foureaux Wood. On Sunday, after Saturday's bulletin from Berlin had announced the inability of the enemy "to resume his large uniform thrust," the offensive was renewed, reaching Pozières at one end of the line and Guillemont at the other. At the same time that the British were repulsing the German counter-offensive, the French captured a considerable stretch of German trenches in the neighborhood of Estrées and further extended their positions in the direction of the Combles-Fléry railway.

Perhaps more important and certainly more spectacular gains have been made by the Russians on the eastern front. Gen. Kuropatkin's offensive against von Hindenburg in the Riga district begins to assume serious proportions. The German line has been broken at several points, and, while Russian official dispatches are reticent, unofficially it was reported on Monday that progress had been made on a front of thirty miles, reaching, at one point, to a depth of twelve miles. At the other end of the line the Austrians under Gen. Pflanzer, as is officially admitted, have been forced back to the Jablonitza Pass, the main gateway of this region into Hungary. On the front of the Lipa and Styr Rivers, south of Lutsk, an important victory was gained by Gen. Sakharoff on July 20 and 21 by his capture of Berestechk and the forcing of the passage of the Styr and Lipa, which compelled von Linsingen's abandonment of this salient. In the fighting at this point more than 12,000 prisoners and a great quantity of booty were taken.

In other theatres of war the forces of the Allies are everywhere aggressive. The measured advance of the Italians continues. In the Caucasus the Grand Duke Nicholas makes rapid progress, having during the week occupied Gumuskhaneh and Ardasa and advanced his outposts within fifteen miles of Erzingan. Further British successes in German East Africa were recorded in Sunday's papers.

The hostile reception accorded in this country to the "blacklist," containing the names of eighty-two firms and individuals in the United States with whom British subjects are forbidden to trade, has apparently caused considerable surprise and some consternation in England. The list was made public by the British Government on July 18, was defended by an official of the Foreign Trade Department in a statement to the correspondent of the New York *Times* on July 20, and was further explained by the chief of that department in a statement to the Associated Press on July 22. Nevertheless American disapproval of the measure appears to persist. What official action will be taken by the Government has not been announced.

The text of the British note in reply to certain complaints made in the recent American note in regard to British censorship of mails was published on Tuesday. The present note, which is preliminary to a more detailed reply, seeks only to refute certain specific instances mentioned in the American complaint.

The Naval Appropriation bill of $315,000,000 was passed by the Senate on July 21 by a vote of 71 to 8.

The nomination of Abram I. Elkus to be Ambassador to Turkey was sent to the Senate last week.

News came on Tuesday that negotiations had been completed for a treaty with Denmark for the purchase by the United States of the three Danish West Indian Islands. The price named is $25,000,000.

In reply to renewed requests from the State Department for a settlement of the ancient Petrolite case, the Austro-Hungarian Government on July 21 asked, through Ambassador Penfield, for further information on the matter.

That the hearts of Progressives no longer, as in happier days, beat as one was made evident when the Progressive State Committee of New York adjourned on Saturday *sine die*, without having been suffered by unreconstructed stalwarts to take any action on the proposed endorsement of Mr. Hughes.

Dispatches from Mexico City of July 20 gave the text, made public by the de-facto Government on that day, of the note sent to Washington on July 11 approving of the suggestion of the United States Government for the settlement of differences between the two countries. Comment on the note in Washington has been that it is lacking in breadth, and it is understood that the State Department has requested that certain amendments be made in the commission plan suggested by Carranza.

Lord Lansdowne's unfortunate, if not deliberately provocative, speech in the House of Lords has precipitated another crisis in the Irish situation. The matter was thrashed out in the House of Commons on Monday, when Mr. Redmond, on a motion for adjournment, presented the facts of the case from the Nationalist standpoint. The bill contemplated by the Cabinet, it appears, differs from the agreement reached through Mr. Lloyd George's mediation in two important particulars: first, a permanent aspect is given to the exclusion of the six Ulster counties; secondly, the present Nationalist representation at Westminster is maintained only to the end of the present Parliament, after which it is proposed to reduce it to forty members, the original number, however, to be summoned to the Imperial Parliament when the question of Home Rule comes up for final settlement. Mr. Redmond protested that he and his followers were ready to stand by the original terms of the compromise, but would not accept the proposed changes. By the Government, on the other hand, it was admitted that only by the incorporation of these changes could agreement be reached in the Cabinet. In appealing to the Nationalists not to throw away the opportunity for the immediate operation of Home Rule, Mr. Asquith threatened the dissolution of Parliament and the reference of the question to the electorate.

Mr. Asquith's Ministry on July 20 consented to the demand for an investigation into the conduct of the Mesopotamian campaign. During the debate on the question in the House of Lords the Marquis of Crewe revealed the interesting information that during the ten months from December, 1914, to September, 1915, there had been no fewer than seven separate attacks, "some of a very formidable character," on India's northwest frontier.

The Court of Criminal Appeal on July 18 dismissed the appeal of Roger Casement from the sentence of death passed by the lower court.

Dispatches from Rome of July 21 announced the issue of a ministerial decree directing that the allies of Austria in Italy shall be treated as enemies.

The resignation of M. Sazonoff, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, was announced on Sunday. The office has been taken over by the Premier, M. Sturmer.

On the return to Russia of the Parliamentary delegates who had been visiting Allied countries, the statement, reported in dispatches of July 18, which may presumably be accepted as accurate, was made that an agreement had been reached between Russia and her allies, according to which she was to receive at the conclusion of war both sides of the Dardanelles straits.

Dispatches from Rotterdam of July 21 indicate that "frightfulness" is by no means at an end in Belgium and the occupied portion of northern France. The shortage of food, according to these reports, has led to serious riots in several cities, and the German authorities in retaliation have resorted to wholesale deportation of the inhabitants. From Lille it is stated that 25,000 persons, including women and children, were expelled.

The findings of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the munitions scandals in Canada were announced on July 21. Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, is completely exonerated by the Commission of complicity in the scandals.

The strike and lockout in the coat and suit industry in New York, which had lasted twelve weeks, seemed to be settled by compromise of the committees on Monday.

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The Week

With the spirit of the Mexican and American Governments what it is, it matters little whether the negotiations to take place on questions of the border are conducted through a joint commission, or by a more direct conference. Carranza, through the note now made public, has accepted the former plan, and three Americans and three Mexicans are to meet shortly at some point mutually designated. Upon the three principal matters at issue Carranza lays a sure finger. When he states that he wishes the point regarding the definite withdrawal of the American forces resolved, he evidently means only that he wishes some decision arrived at concerning the time and circumstances of withdrawal, though it is not likely that the United States will object to bringing our troops back to the line quickly. A protocol is to be drafted governing the reciprocal crossing of forces, and there is to be an inquiry into the origin of the "raids" up to date, to fix responsibility. Meanwhile, there is abundant evidence that the exploits of Villistas are less and less likely to trouble the American patrols.

Mr. Abram I. Elkus must live up to a high standard to equal the usefulness and success of the service of his predecessor, Mr. Morgenthau, as Ambassador to Turkey, but those who know him have no doubt that he will. Never has this position been so responsible; moreover, Mr. Elkus will find many pressing issues demanding vigorous and skilful treatment awaiting him, notably questions of damages to American property-owners. Beyond that, the American Ambassador to Constantinople is the one hope of the Armenians; in the present war situation he represents all the Allied nations. But Mr. Elkus's well-known interest and experience in matters social and philanthropic, his marked legal ability, and his familiarity with public affairs, constitute a training certain to make him at the conclusion of his Ambassadorship as taking an argument against a permanent diplomatic service as is afforded by the record of Mr. Morgenthau.

We do not see why there should have been any stir in the Senate last Friday over the discovery that President Wilson had completely reversed himself in the matter of the proposed Child-Labor law. Senator Borah was able to show that Mr. Wilson described this legislation in his "Constitutional Government" as unconstitutional, an "obviously absurd extravagance," carrying the Congressional power to regulate commerce beyond the "utmost boundaries of reasonable and *honest* inference," and making it possible, if sustained, for Congress to legislate over "every particular of the industrial organization and action of the country." That, we must confess, has also been the *Nation's* view. But the *Nation* and Senator Borah are old fogies, dating back to the time when it was the custom to have fixed beliefs and principles and stick to them. The Senator has evidently not read Mr. Wilson's letter in explaining his change of front on the Tariff Commission—that it is only a narrow man, whose mind is stupidly closed to new ideas, who does not alter his opinions. By this test, Mr. Wilson is obviously one of the broadest-minded men this country has ever produced, for he has changed his mind, to date, on the initiative, referendum, recall, woman suffrage, the Tariff Commission, tariffs for revenue only, a permanent diplomatic service beyond politics, the merit system in the civil service, the proper place of Tammany Hall in the scheme of the universe, child-labor legislation, preparedness, Bryan, a Continental army—but why continue? It is a long enough list to prove that Mr. Wilson's political views are not fossilized by any fear of inconsistency.

It will be interesting to note the attitude of old politicians towards the Corrupt Practices bill, which, prepared under the supervision of the Attorney-General and reported by the Committee on Privileges and Elections, is slated by the Administration for passage. President Wilson is said to wish it enacted soon enough to apply to the present campaign. It proposes to limit the expenditure of candidates for the Presidency to $50,000 and for the Vice-Presidency to $25,000. As the country has shown little disposition to nominate wealthy Presidential or Vice-Presidential candidates, this seems useless. But the clauses which limit the aggregate disbursements of national and Congressional committees, provide that an individual may not contribute more than $5,000, forbid direct or indirect contributions by corporations, and restrict Senatorial candidates to the expenditure of $5,000 for nomination or election, not including travelling and printing expenses, and House candidates to $2,500, are more to the point. The acts of 1907, 1911, and 1912 have needed extension and strengthening, and the bill contains excellent minor provisions for this purpose.

Judge Hand's opinion, in dismissing the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of District Attorney Marshall, and remanding him for appearance before the House of Representatives on the charge of contempt, holds that Mr. Marshall's offending letter did, in fact, tend to obstruct the lawful work of the House. This is a matter of fact, hard to determine. Evidence to prove it has not been published. What was interfered with by Mr. Marshall was not the work, but the temper of the House. It was mainly the wounded vanity of a few members that led to the action against the District Attorney. At first, he was to be impeached, but that nonsense was soon dropped. Then he was voted guilty of contempt and summoned for reprimand to the bar of the House. That the House has the legal power to do this, Judge Hand believes, though he scarcely conceals his conviction that it is a petty and foolish thing to do. And he is also aware that the exercise of such a power may easily be subject to great abuse. He instances criticism of Congress by the press, and intimates that, under the same law that rules in the case of Marshall, an editor might be hauled up for contempt because he had intimated that some Congressmen were not altogether pure and lovely. One could imagine La Follette jumping at the chance. Fortunately, common-sense will ordinarily prevail in such matters. Yet we cannot help thinking that the Marshall case will furnish a bad precedent.

"Harmony" did not do its perfect work when the Progressive National Committee voted to endorse the Republican nominee. In many local salients the fighting continues. Twice has Mayor Thompson of Chicago appealed to Mr. Hughes not to put a recent foe of his on the campaign committee. The second time he brought Senator Sherman with him to enforce the plea. As it was Sherman's forces which started the break at Chicago, it might be supposed that the nominee would be disposed to accept the Senator's view of a question concerning his own State. But the firmness which won friends as well as enemies for Hughes at Albany asserted itself. Hughes has New Jersey also on his hands. Who of the willing shall be allowed to press their candidacies for Governor and especially Senator, and who shall be told that some other year will be more auspicious for them? Mr. Hughes cannot dismiss these difficulties by pointing to the paramountcy of the national election, or insisting that the National Committee cannot be drawn into local quarrels. That is one of the things that a National

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Committee is for, actually if not ostensibly. The desire to elect Mr. Hughes President is rivalled in States and smaller units by the desire to be elected to something one's self.

Day-after explanations of the grand row of the Progressive Committee at Syracuse on Saturday do not clear the matter up. According to some, there was deep political strategy in the squabble. A vote endorsing Hughes could have been forced through, but Whitman would have been defeated, and so it was thought better to have no action at all, but let the lovers of Social Justice hurl epithets at each other. This seems rather far-fetched. More natural is it to suppose that old resentments and slumbering animosities got a free vent. Many of the Committeemen were frankly hold-overs, representing no real body of voters at present, and the chance was too tempting for them to make their power disagreeably felt before it was gone forever. There appears to have been an especial animus against Mr. Perkins, with a desire to show that he could not "deliver" the Progressive party without breaking bulk. Whatever the true version of the affray, it is plainly not of a sort to give joy or encouragement to the Republicans. It may not mean that there will be a large Progressive vote for Wilson in New York State, but it proves that many Progressives are intensely dissatisfied with what took place at Chicago.

Exit Mayor Blankenburg, reënter the Tenderloin. That this has been the sequence has just been officially admitted by those responsible for the existence of commercialized vice in Philadelphia. The Director of Public Safety states that when he assumed office, he found no evidence of police-protected vice in the city. Yet he seeks to explain away the rapid change for the worse. While the return of the Republican machine to power meant the weakening of the merit system and a long step backward in municipal administration, not everybody, by any means, was convinced that it would mean a restoration of the evil days of Ashbridge. This depth may be avoided, although the apology that the situation has been tolerated, not because of the money reward it brought, but for the sake of political expediency, is not over-encouraging. Mayor Smith's designation of the "leaders" whom he will "recognize" at City Hall enables the responsibility for its continuance to be fixed. But what a way of governing a city of nearly 2,000,000!

The Allied offensive is now in its fifth week, having started on June 27. It has plainly settled down to a war of attrition. Each side can rush the other's trenches after an artillery preparation, but at terrible cost. Undeniably, the Allies have had the better of the struggle, but so did the Germans at Verdun, where their attacks have obviously been stopped by the need of troops to hold the French and the British, with their new Russian reinforcements. But, while much has been gained, notably in proving the mettle of the later Kitchener levies, there is no sign as yet that the Allies are within sight of that long-desired hour when they can really break through the German lines and resume the warfare of other days. It is in its indirect results that, next to the wearing-down of the German forces, the Allied offensive is telling most. It is preventing the sending of troops to the east to hold off the Russians; it is straining the nerves and the resources of the German General Staff to the uttermost, and it is hourly bruising further the morale of the entire German people, who must now realize that their hopes of an early and separate peace with France—which they were told was to be the result of their capture of Verdun—were utterly without foundation.

Evidence is accumulating that there are now two Kaisers, or one Kaiser and an impersonation, stalking over European battlefields and receiving at Grand Headquarters. The first is the wreck with whom a bold Allied correspondent succeeded in sitting down at table in Nish last winter—bringing away the menu as proof—and who has been seen by many other correspondents riding through cities or before his troops: haggard, white-haired, pallid, his hands trembling, bowed under an unescapable burden. He is the man who was deathly sick from exposure in the December trenches, and who was once seen wringing his hands over the slain and declaring he had not willed the war. The other Kaiser was carefully described for us early in the war by Sven Hedin, and has been seen repeatedly by correspondents with Teutonic names and by tourists of Teutonic sympathies. Alert, trim, energetic, always with a deep and ruddy tan, fairly radiating energy and optimism, he sometimes has a shade of gray in his hair—natural at his age—but oftener does not. These two Kaisers are like the two Napoleons of a century ago.

In the "Facts About the War," published by the Paris Chamber of Commerce, we find an interesting citation from a German medical review. In it a German physician, Dr. Schwalbe, moved by a zeal for truth and the honor of a scientist, disavows and apologizes for a charge which he had earlier made against the French. The article appeared in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* of May 18. Dr. Schwalbe recalled the fact that in a previous publication respecting the French at the beginning of the war, he had "mentioned among other things that a French aviator had dropped bombs upon Nuremberg prior to the declaration of war." He had taken this for an established fact, inasmuch as it had been stated in the newspapers of August 2, 1914. But this honest German now confesses that he had been led astray. He has corresponded with the municipal authorities and also with the military commanders at Nuremberg, and is now convinced that there was no truth in the original charge. The French always denied it. They are now confirmed by the following official letter from Nuremberg, written on April 3, 1916: "The commandant *ad-interim* of the IIIrd Bavarian Army Corps, stationed here, is wholly ignorant of the fact that, either before or after the declaration of war, bombs had ever been dropped by hostile airmen upon the Nuremberg-Kissingen or Nuremberg-Ansbach lines. The statements and reports published in the press with regard to this matter are to all appearances groundless."

But the affair concerns more than private persons. The charge which Dr. Schwalbe now handsomely declares to be unfounded was put forth officially by the German Government. It was, in fact, made a large part of the basis of the German declaration of war upon France. Here is the note which the German Ambassador in Paris handed to the French Prime Minister on August 3, 1914:

> The German administrative and military authorities have observed that a certain number of acts of a hostile nature have been committed by French military aviators over German territory. Several airmen have openly violated the neutrality of Belgium by flying over the latter country; one of them attempted to destroy some buildings near Wesel, others were seen over the region of Eifel; *another dropped bombs upon the railroad, near Karlsruhe and Nuremberg.* I have been entrusted with, and have the honor of, acquainting your Excellency with the fact that, *in presence of these aggressions,* the German Empire considers itself to be in a state of war against France, *and by deed and act of this latter Power.*

The accusation that Belgian neutrality had been violated by the French has been pretty

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effectually disposed of; now the Nuremberg legend must be considered to be destroyed.

The defence of Sir Sam Hughes, now acquitted in Canada of the charge that he was responsible for the letting of munitions contracts by which favored individuals made huge profits, has rested on two contentions. He affirmed, in the first place, that the Shell Committee, which actually signed the contracts, was a body independent of himself as Minister of Militia. It was responsible directly to the Imperial Munitions Department. At the request of the latter, he made up the Shell Committee, of leading Canadian manufacturers, to handle contracts. There his relationship with it ceased. Its blunders, if any, were to be laid at its own door, not his. He declared, further, that he had no knowledge of any connection between Allison and Yoakum, the two men accused of splitting the profits of contracts let at swollen figures. Col. Allison had long been a valued agent of the Government, and he was naturally trusted when he had the fuse contracts let to Yoakum's manufacturing combination at rates lower than those previously offered. There was, in fact, never the slightest evidence that Minister Hughes was corrupt, and his vindication has long been expected.

It is now sugar's turn to be king. The world's sugar crop threatens to be one and a half million tons short, in spite of increased production by the United States, our dependencies, and Cuba. France has lost two hundred and fifty thousand acres of beet-sugar land to Germany, but Germany suffers from the prevalent scarcity, and has been forced to limit consumption of sugar at home. The result is that from a low price of about two and one-half cents a pound, several years ago, sugar has risen to five and one-half cents. This compares with a ten-year average of three and a half cents. Nor need the producers of cane sugar fear a slump at the war's conclusion due to competition of beet sugar. Many sugar factories in the North of France, the French beet-sugar centre, have been destroyed. It will, moreover, take a whole year before replanted fields can show a return. In addition the recent discovery of a method, by American chemists, for the utilization of black-strap, formerly a nuisance to every sugar manufacturer, in the making of alcohol, has added a very large item of profit to every pound of sugar.

It is good news that the American Medical Association, which has just met in convention at Detroit, is to undertake next year a thorough inspection of the hospitals of the country. This is to be under the direction of its special Council on Medical Education, which is one of the agents in the raising of standards in medical training during the last twelve years. The Council has submitted to Surgeon-General Blue, head of the Association, a report on its recent activities, which is full enough to show the progress made since the magnificently disgraceful days when the United States boasted of a majority of the medical schools in the world. Whereas in 1904 about 2.5 per cent. of the medical colleges had "higher requirements," last year nearly 90 per cent. had them; whereas in 1904 6 per cent. of the medical students were in institutions of proper standards, last year there were 80 per cent. There is reason for believing that some American cities have too many hospitals for proper efficiency in dealing with the sick; in others the merger of small medical colleges might well be followed by a merger of small hospitals.

Belief that gas meters are subject to summer-dementia has at last been confirmed by the complaint of a citizen whose meter recently attempted to establish a century record in dollars. In the spring you lock your house, close all the shutters, notify the watchman to keep an eye on things, and your neighbors to let you know at the office if anything goes wrong, and leave for your Sabine farm. Some months later you return, open the house, and find everything in seemingly good order, no trace of any mortal intruder. The dust lies thick on mantel and victrola. Sherlock Holmes himself could find no clue to suspicion. After the work of rehabilitation, you have just settled down to the comfortable routine of life, when the summer's gas-bill arrives. You write an indignant note to the company. Not a soul has been in the house. It is impossible that any gas should have been used. Yet there you have so and so many thousand feet recorded which, once recorded, not all the consumer's protests can expunge. The plain conclusion is that gas meters are but human, and suffer from heat prostration. During the resulting delirium they run amuck—not, as one person insinuated, because they are situated near the wine cellar. Wine cellars have gone out.

Baconians will doubtless join other radicals in protest against the bench when they learn that Judge Smith, of Chicago, has closed the recent controversy in the courts by dissolving Judge Tuthill's injunction crediting King Lear, Hamlet, and the rest to the pen of Shakespeare's rival. So far as can be judged from the too brief dispatches, there is no appeal from Judge Smith's decision. Thus the disappointed Baconians will have to turn their attention again to their chosen pastime of discussing whether ciphers should be solved by the wheel method or the anagrammatic method, searching "Cryptomenysis Patefacta" for new clues, and digging in the bed of the River Wye for Shakespeare's head. In the meantime, the Stratford actor may be permitted to rest in his grave in peace, enjoying such repose as an immortal poet can find beneath his epitaph. To the Baconian the interpretation of these familiar blessings and cursings is simplicity itself. The epitaph is nothing but an anagram, and should be read as follows:

> Dig, honest man. Dost thee forbeare?
> I, Shakespeare, England's Tudor heire,
> Graved below these mystic stones
> The mysterye codes, yet gab of bones.

This is signed with Bacon's own initials, and contains proof positive not only that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare, but that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth.

Several years ago Government food-experts devised a method for the expeditious disposal of sharks. Had the general public not been so extremely dainty in its tastes we might now be avenging humanity, bite for bite. Shark or dogfish steak properly dressed, lightly salted, and allowed to mellow on ice overnight, is indistinguishable from halibut. Tests have been made over and over again upon palates of celebrated gourmands. Why, then, has not this new food affected the high cost of living, since the ocean swarms with sharks and dogfish, which get themselves tangled up in fishermen's nets and prove a general nuisance to the maritime population? The reason is to be sought in the answer rendered by the public to Juliet's famous question. Shark and dogfish steaks, by some other name, would sell as quickly as halibut. Under their true names no housewife will look at them. Shark, dogfish for dinner! Then why not use some "selling" name? Unluckily, this would not be possible without a special enabling act by Congress, changing the Pure Food law with regard to misbranding. Until such an amendment is passed, or until the public comes around to Juliet's point of view, we shall still read about man-eating sharks and seldom about shark-eating men.

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BRITISH PIN-PRICKS.

Is it not about time that some one arose in the House of Commons to echo Burke's words about "the irresistible operation of feeble councils"? Or, if it were desirable to cite an American authority, in order to emphasize cordial feeling for the United States, extracts might be read by some member from Benjamin Franklin's "Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One." In either case the effort would be to impress upon the Government the need of taking large views and acting in a large way. For admirable as has been, on the whole, the attitude of the British people during the great war, and whatever praise must be bestowed upon the Government for courage and resolution in dealing with the big things, the plain fact is that it has in several minor matters been short-sighted and unnecessarily exasperating in its policy. This has too often looked like a policy of pin-pricks. In carrying it out, only infinitesimal harm is done to Germany, while neutrals have been vexed and made resentful.

The latest example of this grasping at a trifle and losing something substantial is the British "blacklisting" of a number of American firms. A boycott is a boycott, even though it be international in guise. Now, we do not argue that in this business the British Government is not acting within its legal powers. Its prohibition of trading with these firms and individuals is laid only upon British citizens. In practical effect, this may indeed work out, as Secretary Lansing gave an early warning, to the prejudice of American rights. But we suppose that, under the broad provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act, the notifying to British subjects of business houses in the United States with whom no trading must be done has a legal warrant.

This, however, is not the question which presses at the moment. Grant the power, is its exercise wise? Is the game worth the candle? The amount of trade with Germany which England can by such means prevent must be very small. Moreover, if there is a profit in it, and if it can be carried on despite the British blockade, what could be easier than to have it transferred to some house not on the British blacklist? Then the work would be to be begun all over again, and it would be a case of heaping exasperation upon exasperation—and mostly in vain. We understand perfectly the English determination to put every form of economic pressure upon Germany. It is a legitimate method of warfare. But each measure ought to be scrutinized in order to make sure that more will be gained by it than lost. And it is perfectly certain that a few tons of commodities, or a negligible amount of money, will be kept out of Germany at a high price to England if in the act she creates ill-will among neutrals. We repeat, it is not a question of legal right. That is the "metaphysics" of the matter, in Burke's disdainful phrase. The practical wisdom of the step is what should engage the study of British rulers. To us it looks as if for a paltry advantage they were sacrificing a good will that cannot be measured in terms of gold or trade.

With this latest action of the English Government must be classed its needless interference with the mails, and its refusal to permit Red Cross supplies to be shipped into Germany or Austria. Here again it is not a law point that we have to consider, but a question of policy. Surely the United States Government could not consistently argue the sacred right of sick and wounded soldiers to receive medicines and bandages from outsiders; for in the Civil War we rigorously forbade shipment of such things to the Confederates—though they were more badly in need of them than the Germans are to-day. But the British stand in the matter seems petty. To quibble over there now being no American Red Cross units in Germany or Austria will strike the rest of the world as pretty small. This, too, is a case where insistence upon technical legal rights alienates sympathies which England can ill spare.

It is possible that some of these nagging policies are undertaken on the initiative of fussy and superserviceable officials, with little attention paid to them by Parliament or the press or the British public. A Coalition Cabinet means that there is no effective Opposition in the House, and that everything done by the Government "goes." It seems probable, for example, that Englishmen in general are not aware how their good friends in America feel about British seizures of mail matter. This might be inferred from a rather surprised editorial on the subject in the London *Economist*. It printed the larger part of the vigorous protest by our State Department; declared that the feeling shown in it would come as a revelation to most people in England; and went on to urge the Government to modify or abandon methods which, for a trifling gain, were giving so great offence to neutrals.

John Bull is supposed to be an exceedingly practical old gentleman, with a keen eye for the balance of profit and loss in any given transaction. But he ought to wake up to the fact that in the affairs we have mentioned he is being badly served.

THE NEEDS OF POLAND.

What are the conditions in Poland to-day, and what the prospects for their being bettered? The cabled statement of Dr. Karl Helfferich upon the reforms effected by the Germans is simply the continuation of the German side of a controversy of some months with various British officials. That grave suffering exists in Poland, that hundreds of thousands are on the point of starvation, the Germans have never denied, nor does Helfferich deny it. He refers to the administrative changes made by the Germans, to the building of roads, and to the fact that standing grain and cattle can be seen on many sides. But it is quite possible that the green crops are flourishing in places, and yet that a large part of the population are in great need. It is well known that last winter the misery among the fifteen million Poles upon territory conquered by the Germans was at a height never paralleled in Belgium. The Germans have been concerned only with defending themselves against the British charge that they have steadily depleted the country of its own foodstuffs. Certainly, the well-informed American Government has acted on the assumption that there is distress everywhere, and that it is acute about Warsaw, Lodz, Kovno, Vilna, Schenzochow, and Bella Etap, in the vicinity of which 4,000,000 of the poorest people, following the destruction of thousands of villages and towns, have concentrated.

It is obvious that much of this distress, after the wholesale devastation wrought by the retreating Russians, was inevitable. But upon a variety of evidence there has been built up a very dark case against the Germans as not only failing to do all that was possible to better affairs, but as contributing by their handling of the grain situation to keep them bad. Premier Asquith asserted several months ago that the shortage "is due to the systematic confiscation and export of native stocks by the occupying armies," and that "notwithstanding the deplorable condition of the country to-day, this process of spoliation continues." The German Government made a detailed answer in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. Admitting that Asquith's speech was based on the reports of Polish refugees, it asserted that the invaders had found the country poorly supplied with railways and mills. In especial the mills were not fitted for wet

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grain, and the damaged wheat had to be shipped to Germany, whence an equal quantity of food had been reimported in the shape of flour. But it appears that the activities of the German "Import Company" are larger than this would indicate. It is asserted that shipments of grain have really been adopted to ruin the Polish mills, to extort money from the starving population, and to conceal the withdrawal of food from the country. There have been official complaints by Polish cities. The British point to the declaration of Gen. von Wandel in the Reichstag in January that "we owe it in part to the skilful and untiring activity of the economic committees that our soldiers in the field are fed so well, and that large stocks . . . have been brought from the occupied territories into Germany." Finally, there is complete evidence that nearly all flour is sold through Germans at prices fixed by von Hindenburg, which are much higher than in Austrian Poland.

In the face of these charges and answers the American efforts to provide relief are at a standstill. Five months ago Ambassador Page communicated to the Allies a systematic plan on the basis of that for Belgium. An American commission should undertake the partial revictualling of the six cities named above, leaving the Germans to revictual the rest of the territory. The Germans were to furnish the ships for carrying food to Danzig, to undertake that there should be no interference with the imported foodstuffs, and to assume the whole work of relief so far as the harvest allowed on October 1. To this Russia assented, but the British demanded a number of concessions and guarantees. They wished Austrian Poland, Servia, Albania, and Montenegro included in the arrangement, as these countries were "also reduced to a state of starvation" through the removal of foodstuffs. They demanded rigid guarantees that no native food supplies—except a limited amount of potatoes—be exported from Poland, and that none be used by the occupying forces. Finally, the commission was to import only a minimum ration supplementary to that which the Central Empires could themselves supply. Two of these demands the Germans absolutely refused to consider. They maintained that they could undertake no guarantees regarding the countries under Austrian control, and that they must be permitted to seize enough food in Poland for the police army of 150,000, as these men were quartered in small local groups. It is probable that either side would yield on the question of including the Austrian conquests, but that of the feeding of the police army is a very difficult barrier. It can only be hoped that President Wilson will, by repeated appeals, effect some compromise. Meanwhile, the German use of Polish labor for semi-military work is raising another troublesome issue.

For the present, the chief agent of succor is the Polish Victims' Relief Fund, which sends its collections to a committee in Switzerland headed by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Thence they are forwarded to local committees, mainly composed of the clergy, and are used in the purchase of food. This Fund had collected but $200,000 up to last January, yet letters and Polish newspapers testify to the steady work it has done. If the diplomatic efforts of the President succeed, it will be necessary for this body and others to raise huge sums, while in the meantime they need all they can get. With Russian armies already entering Galicia, and signs that Russian Poland may again be the theatre of swaying armies, it is all too possible that winter may witness a situation more desperate than before.

NO REPUBLICAN MONOPOLY.

President Wilson was warranted in making something of a ceremony of his signing of the Rural-Credits bill. The measure is not perfect. It may not work as well as is hoped. But it is a piece of constructive legislation which is designed to supply something long and notoriously lacking in our financial system—something in respect of which most other countries have been far in advance of the United States. This has been frankly admitted by our most competent authorities. All political parties have been declaring for years past that American farmers ought to be able to get loans on easier terms. President Taft took the matter up, and worked hard to get something done, but failed entirely. It remained for a Democratic Administration to write this important law on the statute books. Taken with the Federal Reserve act, the establishment of a Federal Trade Commission, the repeal of free-tolls at Panama, and the passage of several important bills of the class of the Workingmen's Compensation act and the Child Labor law—the two latter yet to be achieved—it makes up a record of legislation which no Republican Administration of recent years came anywhere near matching. Of itself it constitutes a powerful claim of President Wilson upon the approval of the nation.

We know what Republicans will say of these Democratic laws. So far as they are good, it will be asserted that they are of Republican inspiration. This is especially alleged of the reform of the currency. It was begun by the Republicans. And, as the Philadelphia *Press* ingeniously said some time ago, the Democrats are not going to be allowed to "hide their sins" behind the new banking law the impetus towards which and the material upon which it was based came from Republican sources. Admit all this, and still the fact stands out that it was the incompetent Democratic party which did for the country what the supremely efficient Republican party was totally unable to do.

This is a wholesome thing to bear in mind just at present, for it is evident that the Republicans will be tempted to go into the campaign with their old calm assertion that they possess a monopoly of the political virtue and the political ability of this country. Mr. Hughes himself, in some things he has said, appears to lean that way. Now, if he begins making speeches along that line—affirming that the country needs great things done for it which only the Republicans have the skill and power to do—he will be confronted with the Democratic record we have referred to. With that he will have to deal fairly, if he wishes to retain the respect of his countrymen. If he elects to attack the Federal Reserve law or the Rural-Credits bill, let him do so squarely, and with reasons given. But it will not do for him or any other Republican orator or editor to argue that the enactments are good, but that the party responsible for them is incurably bad. Above all, it will not do to go up and down the land with the pretence that the Republican party is alone "fit to rule"; that it is a thousand times wiser and more effective and purer than its rival.

The fact is otherwise, and is known of all intelligent and fair-minded men to be otherwise. It is a slander and an insult to one-half the voters of the United States to tell them that they are not capable of banding together in a political party to work for the ends they have in common. And it is always a bad sign for a party when its leaders begin to assert for it a monopoly of knowledge and of goodness. This is a form of pride which goeth before destruction. It was a similar haughty spirit which the Tories of England affected along in the first years of this century. Mr. Balfour said in almost so many words that it was inconceivable that any party but theirs should be in power. But they shortly went out of power, to stay out ten years, and with no

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present prospect of returning. And we have not forgotten the kindred arrogance of Republican leaders in this country—Root and Hay and Roosevelt—who lauded their party to the skies as the sole efficient agent of government in the United States, just before it fell into the most lamentable ruin that ever overtook a political organization in this country.

Fight fair, gentlemen! Don't assert that the Democrats are damned if they don't, and doubly damned if they do. And don't tell us, Republicans, we implore you, that all the abilities and all the virtues are safely stowed away in your breeches pocket. It isn't so, and you know it, and the whole country knows it.

MANUAL TRAINING IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

It is long since the world was told that playing with sand piles and cutting strips of colored paper was the way to save children's minds, but only now has it been discovered that it is also the way to save their souls. The University of Chicago is undertaking a series of textbooks on the general subject of "Principles and Methods of Religious Education," and has just issued a little volume on "Handwork in Religious Education." Its purpose is entirely worthy and its execution sincere; but the attentive reader will feel that something is lacking. There is, for example, no clear line drawn between the place of manual training in secular education and in religion. Indeed, the author frankly admits that it is difficult to draw such a line. Moreover, the real nexus between the religious ideas or emotions which it is desired to produce, and the mechanical means here recommended, is not made out. From the theory to the practice there is a violent jump. We read about the need of giving the child "a larger creative opportunity," and then are advised to employ "paper-tearing." One can hardly resist the temptation to cry out: "In the name of the Prophet, Figs!"

That a certain amount of this handwork may interest an otherwise listless boy or girl in a Sunday-school may readily be granted. In fact, when the whole is boiled down, this is about what it comes to. A little try at book-binding or at envelope-making, with efforts in "construction-work," like making maps and coloring pictures and modelling in clay, may easily rouse attention as memorizing Bible verses or learning the catechism will not. But to argue solemnly that these things suddenly acquire a religious significance and value when they are taken from the week-day kindergarten into the Sunday-school, seems to be straining the point. As a means of amusing and attracting children, they are all very well; but to make of them new-found keys to unlock the mysteries of religion is too much for ordinary credulity. "Religion," we read, "insists upon the interpretation of life, even in its greatest hardships, in terms of an inner, jubilant gladness, rather than in terms of drudgery." The mind assents to that, but cannot help being puzzled when informed that the way to secure this inner, jubilant gladness is to use bristol board with gray cover-paper leaves.

The truth is that all these Sunday-school manual-training methods, with their classifications and scientific explanations, are merely a modern device to do what has been attempted a thousand times before in a thousand different ways. Teachers and parents did not have to wait for the latest pedagogical doctrines before understanding that religious education is in itself not very attractive to children. And even in the pre-scientific age resort was had to many inventions in order to beguile the interest of the pupil. Thus card games were once common, with Bible characters, instead of kings and knaves, and a bit of Bible text surreptitiously printed on the margin. Bible charades, and even Bible theatricals, were encouraged. A mother would find her young hopeful escaped of a Sunday afternoon and grovelling on the lawn. "What on earth are you doing, Georgie?" "I am Nebuchadnezzar, mamma, eating grass like an ox." We maintain that there was as much inner jubilant gladness in that as in mounting a newspaper clipping on a piece of cardboard. Makers of sand-maps of Palestine have no more of the creative impulse than had the two little girls whose nurse discovered them on Sunday making horrible grimaces at each other. What were they about? Why, they were studying their Bible lesson and illustrating the phrase "the fashion of his countenance was altered."

No one would wish to say a word against a serious attempt to give to parents real help in the religious education of their children. This is a problem near the hearts of many. But we cannot fail to have a certain distrust of mechanical or cut-and-dried methods. After all, in these matters, the wind bloweth where it listeth. So much depends upon associations and suggestions which no system of teaching can control. Dr. William Adams, formerly pastor of the Madison Square Church, used to tell of the strict Sabbatarian spirit of his New England boyhood. He was not allowed to go out of doors after church, but was put down to study the catechism. A rose grew by the open window; and the result was that ever afterwards in his mind the tremendous and appalling sentences of the Westminster Divines were associated with the scent of roses! Could a carefully planned scheme of religious education accomplish anything equal to that? Or is there any way of making routine the mysterious movements of the spirit of childhood essaying to get into realizing touch with life and death and eternity?

DIALECT LITERATURE.

The death of Riley will have one element of interest to the academic student of poetry: it marks the disappearance of another of the few who express personal and lyrical emotion in dialect. As did the death in 1897 of T. E. Brown, the author of "The Manx Witch," it will revive the question of the justification or wisdom of the use of dialect in verse—a question at least as old as King James. The evident answer is that dialect is preëminently proper to poets reared to speak it as a native tongue, but of a more restricted usefulness to others. Fergusson, Ramsay, Burns found the Lowland Scotch dialect as natural as the air they breathed. And William Barnes was at ease, the writer of "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect," which have a perfect freshness and homeliness. Any reader of Burns knows how sharp is the descent from his Scotch to his English poems; while all the spirit evaporates and the colors fade from the Dorset pieces that Barnes "translated" into English. But it is also evident that the class of natural dialect poets must grow smaller and smaller, and, with the standardization of English, perhaps in the end almost disappear.

The natural tendency is for modern verse-writers to become semi-dramatic in their use of dialect. The writer educated to sound English cannot use dialect personally without an evident falsity. Imagine Tennyson speaking his own thoughts in the voice of the Northern Farmer he twice drew! But he could make of him a detached creation, seen not only objectively, but histrionically. Principal Shairp once made a shrewd note on a Scotch poet's description, through a ploughman's mouth, of a mare conquering a rough bit of glebe; ordinary English, he said, was quite adequate to the description of the mare's effort, but it took the rough dia-

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lect to express the ploughman's sympathy with her. Only in this dramatic spirit can we again have the Pike County dialect, the Yankee dialect, or the Creole dialect. The long narrative poems that so frequently use special speech do it with a directly dramatic effect—as Masefield in "The Widow in the Bye Street":

Also the foreman spoke: "You make me sick,
You come-day-go-day-God-send-plenty-beer.
You put less mizzle on your bit of Dick
Or get your time, I'll have no slackers here."

And so Brown in "The Manx Witch," a story put into the mouths of those familiar with the Laxdale Mines:

Did I tell you about the chile she had?
Job he was callin'—a lump of a lad
Them times, but younger till his cousins.
Short was Job—of his body he wasn;
But short of wit—the innercent
Ye navar—that's the way I meant.

There is probably some connection between this tendency in the purely poetical use of dialect and the fact that it has become so common upon the stage. Nowhere does Masefield approach in his narratives the thoroughness of his use of a peculiar vernacular in "The Tragedy of Nan." The kailyard school in fiction lapsed when Barrie wrote his last novel, but it seems possible that it will be revived on the stage by men like St. John Ervine, whose "John Ferguson" is an admirable drama in the dialect of the Ulster Scotch. From Ireland have come few poems in the Irish dialect, but the Dublin stage has seen one play after another by Synge, Lady Gregory, and Yeats in which the language of the peasantry has been strikingly employed. However unnatural the personal use of dialect by poets in this educated day, there is nothing to prevent the dramatist from creating people to speak dialect in either prose or verse.

A considerable factor in limiting the poetical employment of dialect is the now wide appreciation of the evils of its misuse. In general, misuse has two familiar effects. The frequent employment of dialect forms by the unskilful, far from imparting the Doric touch that Ruskin praised, jars in the same way as the too frequent employment of technical words. Again, the use of dialect for its own sake has a well-exemplified tendency to make either prose or poetry parochial or narrow in spirit. Doubtless, it was some sense of the danger in this that prevented Wordsworth from ever using the Cumberland dialect in his powerfully simple poems. A poet like Riley illustrates the risk in using homely forms of running into a too homely sentimentality, and—at times—of disregarding the truly poetical spirit in constructing jingles of quaint phrases.

Foreign Correspondence

THE CHANGE IN THE ITALIAN MINISTRY—THE STRUGGLE IN THE TRENTINO.

By H. NELSON GAY.

ROME, June 25.

The fall of Prime Minister Salandra has been pronounced by the coroners of the post-mortem political inquest a case of unaccountable but undoubted suicide, and as such the event, while certainly of personal and Parliamentary interest, is not of vital national importance. Although immediate political consequences may be unpleasant for Salandra himself and for some of the men whose parliamentary fortunes are for the time being bound up with his, the fortunes of the country as determined by either international or internal policy are happily in no way affected by the change in government—even in an hour of European destiny as critical as the present. Salandra's fall resulted from his own stubbornness in refusing to humor Parliament in a wish the granting of which would in no way have affected the policy of his Government. Certain Parliamentary groups which had previously supported Salandra desired him to enlarge his Ministry and take in a few of their own members, thus forming a "national Ministry" similar to those now in power in England and France; some of the more radical Deputies were particularly insistent that the Socialist Bissolati should enter the Cabinet. Efforts to obtain this national Ministry were made last March, but Salandra refused to consider the proposal; efforts were renewed early in June, but Salandra persisted in his refusal. As a consequence, the now disaffected groups which had hitherto contributed to his majority determined to revolt, and seized the first Parliamentary opportunity which presented itself for turning out the "obdurate" Prime Minister.

There were no sound considerations of national welfare which could justify conscientious Deputies in taking such radical action. While Salandra and his Cabinet had not proved themselves absolutely infallible in government, they had rendered signal service to the country in rectifying the grave errors of their Giolittian predecessors and in laying down for the Italian ship of state a carefully and wisely reckoned course through the international cross-currents created by the present European tempest. And for this they merit the eternal gratitude of their fellow-citizens. In all the main lines of their policy they had faithfully carried out the will of the nation, as is proved by the action of the new Boselli Ministry, which could do no other than pledge itself to continue scrupulously on the course laid down and followed by Salandra and his colleagues. Furthermore, had not three of the most influential men in the Salandra Cabinet, Sonnino, Orlando, and Carcano, together with the Ministers of War and the Navy, consented to retain their portfolios in the new Cabinet, it is highly improbable that Boselli could have succeeded in forming a Ministry at all. Sonnino consented to remain at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs after having been insistently urged to do so by both former and present colleagues; his inflexibility of character is well known, and his entry into the Boselli Ministry with his old portfolio is absolute proof of continuity of both foreign and internal policy. Next in importance after the Ministry of Foreign Affairs comes the Ministry of the Interior; here Salandra is succeeded by his own capable lieutenant, Orlando. Next in importance to-day must be reckoned the Ministry of the Treasury; here, again, after insistent persuasion, Carcano succeeded himself. Furthermore, Ruffini has been called to the Ministry of Public Instruction. Ruffini was created Senator by Salandra and has been one of the most eloquent and energetic supporters of Salandra's war policy; his presence in the new Cabinet would in itself be sufficient guarantee of faithful and vigorous action in future along the course already laid down. Scialoja, one of the new Ministers without portfolio, is another Senator of the Ruffini type. And Boselli, the new Prime Minister, it is to be borne in mind, was always a cordial supporter of the Salandra Government, and as Deacon of the Chamber acted on a recent occasion as spokesman of his majority. Although seventy-eight years of age, Boselli is one of the most energetic members of Parliament, and is not only a tireless worker himself, but possesses the faculty of making all those about him quicken their effort and contribute to the accomplishment of whatever work he has in hand. He is a statesman of unquestionable integrity and wide experience, enjoying the full confidence of the country, and it is doubtful whether a better successor to Salandra and one better calculated to preserve an unchanged policy could at this time have been found. The future of Italy may, then, be said to rest in strong and honorable hands.

But Parliament unquestionably ran a grave risk for the country in provoking a crisis at such a time as the present. With a powerful enemy in arms upon her frontier and with complex international obligations to be fulfilled towards her new allies, Italy cannot afford to move even for a moment with an unsteady helm. Salandra's fall inevitably caused some uneasiness in London, Paris, and Petrograd, and roused unwarranted hopes in Berlin and Vienna, although in reality no change in policy was contemplated here. Doubt was quickly dispelled, thanks to the ready expression of the will of the Italian people and the lofty patriotism of many of their abler statesmen, which secured the destinies of the nation from any perils which might derive from Parliamentary stupidity or malignity. But it is none the less true that politicians in a vital hour of Italian history have, so far as depended upon them, been ready to risk the future of the country in the hope of being able to satisfy personal ambitions. Modesty is not the crowning virtue of the average Italian Deputy. Of the 508 components of the Chamber, at least 400 sincerely believe themselves capable of performing the functions of Prime Minister better than any statesman who happens to be in power, and they are always impatient to prove their worth—in fact, they are not unlike the Deputies and Congressmen of other democratic states. Happily, the country has not shared the egotism of these intriguers, and public opinion has demanded that the destinies of Italy should again be given into tried hands and true.

Salandra, too, must bear his share of blame in having failed to avoid the crisis. A slight concession on his part in further enlarging

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the Ministry would have sufficed. One cannot help thinking that two years of tremendous work and responsibility have greatly fatigued the courageous, far-seeing Prime Minister of 1914 and dulled his formerly keen tactical ability as a parliamentarian; and doubtless the immense popularity which he has enjoyed led him to overestimate his power. He believed that a compact Ministry was more efficient than a larger conglomerate one, and he refused to waive his judgment even in the face of insistent Parliamentary appeal.

Certain Italian circles are still much averse to war against Germany, and these circles have come to believe that Sonnino's tenure of power at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is an absolute guarantee of continued peace with the Kaiser. But they are mistaken. When the necessity for war against Germany presents itself, Sonnino will not shrink from the responsibility—and in the meantime a state of war, for all practical purposes, already exists. At the commencement of the German attack on Verdun the French lacked the full complement of artillery for the defence; Italy had three hundred of the famous Deport field artillery, seventy-five ready, fresh from the factories, and immediately shipped them to the French front. Later, when the Austrians made their unexpected assault in the Italian Trentino, the French rushed artillery to the Italian front. For months thousands of Italian workmen called under arms have been sent by the military authorities to work in the French munition factories. Recently a Franco-Italian squadron under French command encountered a German submarine in the Mediterranean; an Italian destroyer was signalled to ram her—and she was rammed. German prisoners escaped from the Island of Malta to Sicily and claimed the asylum of neutral territory; but they were immediately returned to the English naval authorities. With such perfect solidarity of action existing between Italy and her allies, it is difficult to see just what advantage would be secured by an official declaration of war against Germany at this moment—unless it be the sequestration of German property here. For Italy, on the other hand, it would have the adverse result of compelling her army to prepare for a possible German attempt at invasion of her territory through Switzerland, and thereby to extend the Italian lines of defence. Germany's present commercial threats against Switzerland may forecast future trouble for Italy from that quarter.

The short-lived Austrian advance in the Trentino in May was possible only because of Italian negligence in that section, but the defence was so quickly and effectively reinforced that the Austrian gain proved unimportant. The bottling up of Austria's best troops and heavy armament in the Trentino has made possible Russia's remarkable successes in Galicia and Bukowina, and has placed the Allies under very real additional obligations to Italy. She has borne for several weeks the brunt of a ponderous attack, at the beginning of which the proportion of heavy artillery in the Trentino was 300 to 5 against her. She has proved to the Allies the full value of her coöperation, and she has herself been roused to more vigorous military action. Austria's drive against Italy to the detriment of Austria's own defence on her eastern frontier, has furnished fresh proof of the old, sempiternal hatred, unchanged from the long years of Italy's struggle for national independence.

THE ALL-INDIA HINDU UNIVERSITY.

By S. M. MITRA.

LONDON, June 20.

To the thoughtful reader of the *Nation* the All-India Hindu University, of which the recently retired Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, laid the foundation-stone at Benares in February last, will be of more than passing interest. For at least three reasons it is the greatest educational experiment in history. First, unlike the five existing Universities of Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Allahabad, and the Punjab, it will have no geographical limit, but will throw wide its doors to students from the whole Indian Empire, which in both area and population is as large as Europe minus Russia. Secondly, it will be the first university in India, under the auspices of a non-Hindu Government, to teach Hindu theology. And thirdly, it will be open to over 200,000,000 followers of a single religion. That its political effect will be enormous goes without saying.

For more than 2,000 years Hindustan has had no university meant to draw scholars from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and from the Indus to the Irrawadi. This gigantic educational scheme, after having been under the consideration of Hindu leaders of thought for about thirty years, has at last been accepted by the British Government. The estimated cost of the Hindu University is about £2,000,000, one-third of which has already been subscribed by the Hindu community, including the capital value of the annual grant sanctioned by the Viceroy.

When the British Government, in the fifties, established the first three Indian universities, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, the authorities scrupulously abstained from including in the curriculum any religious teaching, whether Christian, Hindu, or Moslem. The same attitude of neutrality towards all religious instruction was followed at the Universities of Allahabad and the Punjab, which were established a generation later. But after half a century of Western culture it was found that "godless education" had produced anarchists among the Hindu and Moslem youth. To prevent the growth of further anarchism in India, Hindu and Moslem leaders of thought urged the British Government to have Hindu and Moslem students taught the tenets of their respective religions. Lord Hardinge, himself the victim of an anarchist bomb outrage, determined to strike a death-blow against anarchism in India, and saw the force of the argument in favor of religious teaching. Both these great communities, Hindus and Moslems, submitted their respective schemes for a university; the Hindu project was in accordance with British Imperial policy, and Lord Hardinge lost no time in laying the foundation-stone of the new Hindu University, which, by desire of the Hindu community, is at the holiest of Hindu shrines, Benares.

The project of the Moslem University bristles with difficulties, among which may be mentioned the fact that whereas all Hindus, barring a very few in French and Portuguese territory in India, are British subjects, a Moslem professor or a Moslem student may at any time become an alien enemy, as the Turks are just now. But Moslem leaders hope to find a solution for this and other knotty problems.

In the mind of the American public the question will naturally arise how this unique Hindu University will affect the spread of Western culture and Christian ethics in India. Its influence in these directions altogether depends on the attitude of Christian missionary societies towards it. As a Hindu who has carefully considered the subject for over twenty years, I have no hesitation in declaring that if Christian missionaries, in coöperation with Hindus learned in their own theology and at the same time noted for broad-minded appreciation of Western culture, will take the trouble to edit carefully textbooks for the Hindu University to show the startling agreement that exists between the Christian moral code as enunciated in the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes on one side, and Hindu ethics as clearly defined in ancient Sanskrit theological literature on the other, this latest centre of learning at Benares is likely to do more in ten years to bridge the gulf between the Hindu and Christian than Christian missionary propaganda working on orthodox lines has done in a century. By thus helping to weld the rulers and the ruled more firmly together in a better mutual understanding, the new University may prove a remarkable success from the political point of view.

During the present generation there seems to have sprung up in America a desire, which is daily increasing, to dive deep into the secrets of Hindu philosophy. But Hindu philosophy and religion are so inextricably interwoven that it has been difficult for Americans to study the philosophy at first hand. Now, however, the Hindu University at Benares, which will be open to students of all religions, will supply a want long felt by Occidental scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. The new University will form an epoch in the educational history of the world as the first great attempt to blend Western and Eastern culture. It is a mighty enterprise which will redound to the credit of the Anglo-Saxon race for all time.

Notes from the Capital

A PREACHER OF PURITY.

Is this Dr. Wiley,
They speak of so highly?
Is this Dr. Wiley, of whom we've heard tell?

Yes, if you are looking at a man standing six feet plus in heelless slippers, and with other dimensions in proportion, a merry, round face and plenty of black hair, who can crack a joke on any subject—including himself—or name and classify the ingredients of any compound you bring him, from a canned potpie to a bottle of dyspepsia bitters: that's he. Hear him talk. He'll tell the housewife how to cook her viands so as to get the most nourishment for the least outlay, and her husband what wine may be drunk and what tobacco smoked without unduly poisoning the system. And when it is remembered that, though nearly seventy-two years old, he is a benedict of only five years' standing, and the father of a nice little family, there is no escaping the inference that here is a prophet who practices on himself what he preaches to others. Wiley declares that he belongs to the Hundred-Years-Old Club, every member of which takes a pledge, on joining, to live a whole century or consign his memory to everlasting disgrace. To all appearance, he is keeping in good and regular standing, and without resort to ben-

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zoate of soda or any other familiar preservative. More than that, he intimates that he has profited by his own experience, and has resolved that his first-born son, Harvey, jr., shall not waste a like amount of his life in celibacy; for he formally betrothed the lad, at the interesting age of one week, to the attractive baby daughter of a brother scientist.

It is needless to say to the readers of the daily newspapers that Harvey Washington Wiley is the champion who, sometimes alone and sometimes at the head of a corps of recruits, has defied all comers in the defence of our American pure-food stronghold for a whole generation; any one who forgets the fact has only to wait a little, and his memory will be jogged—if by no one else, by Wiley himself, and Wiley will take his oath to it if necessary. When he cannot find a dealer in drugs who has been putting "dope" into an ostensibly honest compound, he will stride off, bludgeon in hand, to hunt up some recreant dealer in foods who has been preserving his "new-laid eggs" with boric acid, or the distiller of a novel "blend" in whiskey. And if times are dull, and all such resources fail him, he will call for volunteers for a "poison squad," and put a number of adventurous and public-spirited youths upon an exclusive diet of viands which he has publicly denounced as unfit for human consumption, so as to take notes of the phenomena thus induced, by way of reinforcing his denunciation with horrible examples.

I have referred to Wiley as a prophet, and it is no mere figure of speech. He is never at a loss for a prophecy, though he realizes the precarious character of the forecasting habit continually indulged. When Fletcherism was at the height of its popularity, it was he who doused it with cold water by assuring the world that the coming man would bolt his meat foods unmasticated; and he scorned to answer the critic who wanted to know what to do with a ham sandwich. On another occasion he announced in an address: "We are rapidly approaching a state of affairs in this country when we shall be facing a mob in the streets instead of justice in a court of law." On the last day of February, 1912, he asserted with vehemence that he should not resign his office as chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, but walked out only fifteen days later. As recently as 1904, being bald himself, he proceeded to prophesy that within a very few years the whole human race would be both hairless and toothless; but, chancing to go about bareheaded in the open air for a while, and thus letting the sun's rays reach his smothered scalp, he fatally discredited this prediction by raising a fresh crop of raven locks.

He seems to have been a "kicker" from early days. As a young man he held a scientific professorship in an Indiana university, and was overhauled by the trustees because they deemed his non-attendance at morning chapel impious, and his love of riding a bicycle and playing baseball with the students undignified. After he had explained his reasons for these offences, the board was ready to drop the matter; but he was not, and bade the institution farewell, to come to Washington and take the position he held for nearly thirty years. In the Department of Agriculture he was famous for stirring up shortcomings which most of his contemporaries were willing to ignore, and for the way he always hit back when interfered with.

Wiley confesses the authorship of manifold literary contributions to science, which range from the liveliness of a volume of lyrics to the severity of a treatise on "Principles and Practice," and include sixty Government bulletins and between two and three hundred miscellaneous monographs. This array indicates that he is a good deal of a writer as well as a good deal of a talker. Some critics, indeed, accuse him of aspiring to be always in evidence. But he consoles himself for such animadversions with the reflection that the true crusader's post is not in the closet, but in the market-place. And doubtless it is true that, for a reformer of his type and temperament, his methods are more effective than any which could be forced upon him by the conventions that govern the conduct of men cast in a different mould.

TATTLER.

The Natural Vices

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

I.

ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat.

Archimedes deep in a geometrical problem while Syracuse was being sacked, Sir Thomas Browne inquiring into vulgar errors anent the phœnix and the basilisk while Charles and his Parliament were at death-grips, Hegel putting the last touches to his "Phenomenology of the Spirit" amid the very roar of the cannon at Jena, are classical examples of philosophical detachment. A more modern instance is a certain Mr. G. L. Apperson, I.S.O., who has just produced "A Social History of Smoking" while the smoke of the great guns hangs like a pall over Europe, eclipsing Literature and Art. It is no flimsy piece of bookmaking, "hastily sharked up"; every page bears evidence of wide reading and careful writing. The author is a devotee of tobacco, and his book is a labor of love. One seems to see a retired member of the Indian Civil Service, gray, sallow, and wearing a pince-nez, day after day at the same table in the reading-room of the British Museum, turning over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore. How else should he (and we) learn that boys at Eton were compelled to smoke daily to ward off the plague, and that the Duke of Wellington attempted to suppress smoking in all the mess-rooms of the British army? In fact, he has produced a well-written, learned, and diverting book, of special interest to the goodly fellowship of smokers.

While Mr. Apperson is most entertaining, he is also careful in sifting evidence and accepting general statements. At times he errs on the side of excessive caution. He hesitates to believe that Gen. Monk, who brought about the restoration of Charles II, really chewed tobacco. But the fact is well authenticated. He not only chewed all through his desperate yardarm-to-yardarm battles with the Dutch (for he was "soldier and sailor too"), but he did what no naval officer can forgive—he spat on the deck! The god-like Byron also chewed, and made a bad pun on his bad habit. It was to relieve the pangs of hunger, when he was living on biscuits and soda-water to reduce his youthful figure. Another instance of Mr. Apperson's excessive caution is his unworthy dilution of Mark Twain's epigram that he never smoked in his sleep. The cautious alien weakly adds "or at meals," a modification of the original idea that is almost libellous. Why should not a humorist smoke at meals? As a matter of fact, men do. In a certain club of learned pundits the smoke of their burning ceases not by day or night. The routine is cigars at breakfast, cigars at lunch, cigars at dinner, with cigarettes between the courses. Mr. Apperson should visit America and gather material for a second volume.

To the eye of pure reason, as Carlyle might say, smoking is a curious habit. So is eating. Chesterton finds it wondrous strange that a man should declaim of Right and Wrong, and then go into another room and stuff alien substances into himself through a hole in his head. But Demosthenes, or Daniel Webster, at dinner is a sane and sober spectacle compared with the same Athenian or American holding a small fire of dried leaves in his mouth, inhaling the smoke thereof and puffing it out again. Surely, this is one of the fantastic tricks that make the angels laugh.

For the majority of mankind the trick has been acquired but recently. For ages it was the precious secret of an unknown continent. Red-skinned head-hunters tortured their captives and smoked tobacco. Aztecs had pipes and cigars and human sacrifices. According to Longfellow, 'the Master of Life taught the Indians to make the peace-pipe. Then Columbus crossed the unknown sea. A century later Europe began to "drink tobacco." Now the trick is universal: the "big medicine" of the redskins has become the solace of white, black, brown, and yellow men. All within three centuries! And what are three centuries in the story of the human race? Smokers will think with pity of the countless myriads who went to the silent grave in ignorance of this Nepenthe. Xerxes offered a reward for any one who could invent a new pleasure for him. No tobacconist was at hand; and the great king left this earthly scene unsolaced by a single whiff of pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

Nowhere is this novel trick more constantly practiced than in the United States of America. Not long ago, a well-known publishing firm issued a little tract illustrating the expenditure of the American people on tobacco, "soft drinks," candy, and chewing gum (another pleasure Xerxes never knew! he never "chicled"), compared with their outlay on school books. The round millions were appalling; the graph expressing the figures showed the tobacco and "soft-drinks" columns like mountains—Chimborazo and Everest—and the school-book column as a molehill.

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The effect of this universal habit on the physique of the race is not yet evident. It is true that the athlete in training must deny himself both tobacco and alcohol. There is a disease called smoker's heart. All agree that smoking is bad for growing boys. And yet, when the universality of the habit is considered, its inveteracy (for smokers never reform) and its fury in many cases, the only logical conclusion must be that it has had no injurious effect whatever upon the health or well-being of the race as a whole. The white race on this continent is growing bigger and living longer, thanks to modern hygiene, and, it may be, in spite of tobacco. The human race is tough. It can subsist on unctuous clay, if need be; and it has survived far worse conditions than the Indian herb can possibly create.

Whether mankind will practice this trick for ever is another question. It is giving up the far more ancient and alluring trick of getting drunk. The continent is going dry, becoming swiftly a beerless, wineless, whiskeyless Sahara. My Lady Nicotine may follow the Demon Rum. All that is needed is that the doctors discover a few more bogey-man germs, that the eugenists pursue their campaign of education, and that various anti-smoking organizations stand to their guns.

II.

Tobacco made its entry early into literature. The Elizabethan drama contains many allusions to the new fad, with the significant exception of Shakespeare. In Beaumont's extravaganza, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," the grocer's wife asks the gallants on the stage, "Pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco do you?" King James, the British Solomon, gives one answer in his "Counterblast." Another is contained in that delightful letter Sir Amyas Leigh wrote to Euphues, which Andrew Lang was so happy as to intercept. In part, it runs: "Nature maketh nothing without an end: the eye to see with, the ear to hear, the herb tobacco to be smoked. Helen gave Nepenthe to them that sorrowed, and Heaven hath made this weed for such as lack comfort. Tobacco is the hungry man's food, the wakeful man's sleep, the weary man's rest, the old man's defence against melancholy, the busy man's repose, the talkative man's muzzle, the lonely man's companion. Indeed, there was nothing but this one thing wanting to man, of those that earth can give."

At first, even larger claims were made for this great American discovery. It was a magical cure for the thousand shocks that flesh is heir to. "We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of America," says Addison in his Addisonian way, expressing the general belief. That belief and its opposite survive in a tongue-twisting rhyme of boyhood:

> Tobacco hic! tobacco hic!
> 'Twill make you well, if you be sick.
> Tobacco hic! tobacco hic.
> If you be well, 'twill make you sick.

This epigram embodies at once the views of the clubmen and the W. C. T. U.—no slight merit. Perhaps the curative virtues of tobacco were never put to the test with more child-like faith than by Robinson Crusoe in the Island of Desolation. Having caught a fever in the rainy season, that remarkable mariner chewed the raw leaf, held his head over the smoke of burning tobacco as long as he could, and finally drank a handsome tot of rum in which more tobacco had been soaked! This treatment effected a complete cure.

To follow the trail of tobacco through literature would require not an article, but a folio. In general, smoking is regarded as a sign of "good principles"; but at least one villain was a tremendous smoker, Mr. Daniel Quilp. Nobody objects to his suffumigation of Sampson Brass. That red-headed attorney deserved all he got; but when the little demon made his pretty, submissive wife sit up with him all night while he drank punch and smoked cigars, one longed for Dick Swiveller and his ready fists. Dickens let Quilp off with drowning, which is an easy death. What he deserved was to die smoking brimstone, like Smollett's duellists.

III.

In regard to tobacco, I must confess that personally I belong to the contemptible minority of non-smokers, those social pariahs. The sentiment that "Maggie is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke" does not appeal to me. I think I understand the fascination of La Dive Bouteille, or, as Wells more frankly puts it, "the divine gift of alcohol." Byron's dictum that the best of life is but intoxication is capable of defence. But the charm of nicotine is an insoluble mystery. Some brands of tobacco produce sudden irritation like perfumes that some women affect, or a blow on the crown of the head. There is the fo'c'sle brand, so grateful to the seasick traveller, and the rank, raw cigar consumed by thousands on public holidays, on excursion trains, Fall River steamboats, and in amusement parks. In a roomful of smokers, those Ghebers with their perverted fire-worship, or at one of those dreary orgies called public dinners, I smoke an effeminate, prophylactic cigarette, a hair of the dog that bites me; but that is mere instinctive self-defence. It might as well contain mullein-leaf as the finest Egyptian. But there is one place that I enjoy tobacco hugely; and that is in books. Transferred from the real world to the ideal realm of literature, tobacco is indeed divine. The reaction might be tested in a psychological laboratory, but I doubt if the most ancient smoker derives more pleasure from his rustiest *brule-gueule*, or the fattest millionaire from his costliest cigar, than I do from the immortal lines of C. S. C. that parody without offence "The Skeleton in Armor," and echo Horace so deliciously:

> Thou who, when fears attack,
> Bidst them avaunt, and Black
> Care, at the horseman's back
> Perching, unseatest;
> Sweet, when the morn is gray,
> Sweet, when they've cleared away
> Lunch; and at close of day
> Possibly sweetest:
>
> I have a liking old
> For thee, though manifold
> Stories, I know, are told,
> Not to thy credit;
> How one (or two at most)
> Drops make a cat a ghost—
> Useless, except to roast—
> Doctors have said it.
>
> How they who use fusees
> All grow by slow degrees
> Brainless as chimpanzees,
> Meagre as lizards;
> Go mad, and beat their wives;
> Plunge (after shocking lives)
> Razors and carving-knives
> Into their gizzards.

These calumnies are triumphantly refuted before the end of the poem.

Correspondence

THE PROPOSED ECONOMIC WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the annual meeting of the American Free Trade League, held June 9, 1916, Mr. George Haven Putnam, of New York, was elected president, succeeding Hon. Harvey N. Shepard, who sought release from office after thirty years of most valuable service. Mr. Kenneth B. Elliman has been appointed secretary and was instructed to issue the following circular:

"The nations now engaged in the great European war have put forth certain schemes for new tariff enactments, or for business international boycotts, to be brought into force after the close of the war. These schemes, representing as they do a mediæval, not to say a barbaric, policy, may well arouse criticism and alarm on the part of neutral nations. The warring states in question, or at least certain leaders of public opinion in these states, are trying to formulate tariff policies planned to bring about benefits for the one side and punitive results and commercial disaster for the other.

"The economic history of the world has made clear that such punitive boycotting systems, if put into effect, while undoubtedly producing disaster and distress on the one party, could bring no final advantage to the other, but must add to the burdens and distress of the people of both countries. Under the normal conditions of international business, that is to say, the conditions that were in force before the war and that must return when the operations of war have been brought to a close, the states of the world have from decade to decade been coming into closer financial and business relations with each other. The losses that would be brought about through a great economic struggle, a struggle the purpose of which would be to bring to a close or to restrict seriously these commercial and financial relations, would involve losses and disasters which might in the end prove to be greater than those that have resulted from the conflict of arms. We believe that, notwithstanding the international bitterness that is the inevitable result of war, there is an increasing understanding throughout the civilized world that no one state can profit by the destruction or by the injury of its

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neighbor. It is not only more civilized, but it is more profitable to trade with a neighboring state than to crush the independence of such state or to take action that would undermine its prosperity. It is our hope that at the close of the present war we may look forward to the evolution of a real international spirit. The governments of the world are increasingly coming under the control of the peoples themselves, and these peoples must be aroused to a sense of the truth that their interests, their welfare, and their safety can be secured only through a civilized international relation. The settlement that will bring about an assured peace will not be secured through the action of the rulers or of 'empire-builders.' It must be the work of representatives of the people, of upholders of democratic principles, of men ready to work for the service of mankind.

"The American Free Trade League proposes to do what may be practicable towards the creation of public opinion, in the United States and throughout the world, in support of the contention that protection is itself a form of war, that war brings about an extreme application of protection, and that freedom of trade constitutes an essential factor towards securing and maintaining the peace of the world. The members of the League place this ideal before their fellow-citizens of the republic with the hope that the influence of the United States may be utilized in the settlement that is to follow this war towards breaking down the protective barriers between nations—barriers which do so much to create prejudice and to bring about the irritations that have too often resulted in war. The work of those who believe in the fullest possible interchange between peoples of the world, not only of goods but of ideas, of ideals and of human sympathy, constitutes the essential foundation for the World's Federation, the organization of which is the hope of all who are striving for the higher principles of civilization and of humanity.

"The American Free Trade League appeals to the citizens of the republic to do their part in furthering this great work."

KENNETH B. ELLIMAN,
Secretary.

Boston, July 15.

DANGERS OF IRISH HOME RULE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The attitude of our public towards the recent troubles in Ireland seems to me unfortunate. Even the *Nation* has not yet referred to the part America has played in this tragedy. Nowhere in the press do I see a suggestion that Americans share with Germany the shame of having financed and encouraged on their soil this revolution. The only thought seems to be, "How unkind of England to be so rough with these misguided patriots!"

Like most Americans, I came to England an ardent Home Ruler, and also, like most Americans who have spent any time over here, my views have become greatly modified. I believed the Irish wanted liberty. Well, they do—but for the majority it is liberty to oppress and tax the Protestants and thrifty workers of the North of Ireland.

Unrestricted Home Rule means giving Ireland over to a kind of Tammany, and a Tammany uninfluenced by the institutions of a free country, but steeped in the bigotry and tyranny of the past. Only gradually should power be entrusted into their hands. That they have suffered greatly no one will deny, but for years they have been England's spoiled children. Do they ever give England credit for a "change of heart"? Never! Other nations have forgiven and forgotten and returned to their labors, Ireland never. While the Irish grass is green they will wail of their wrongs amid their dirt and squalor.

If America's part in this recent treachery has been small, I hope the *Nation* will make it clear. M. P. F.

Beckley, Sussex, England, June 1.

WHITE MAN AND NEGRO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of your negro correspondent, Robert K. Gibson, has caught and exhibits in a very interesting way a peculiar phenomenon of the negro's social character: it is the alter ego which the negro finds in his relationship with the white man, and in the white man's estimation of him. I number among my acquaintances negroes in whom this characteristic is almost a religious fervor. I personally think the solution of many Southern questions will be reached when the white man uses this negro characteristic—not to cover faults, but to inspire excellences. I do not propose, however, to discuss this fact as a ground for the edification of the negro character, but to point out a peril it offers, a peril which seems to be unrecognized in the South. You can enter store after store in the South, and you will find where the negroes congregate artistic posters and calendars, which, beautiful in themselves, have a subtile solicitation to the negro, tempting him to be for once the white man. In an instance of attempted rape, the near victim resembled in feature a popular calendar in that community. The uncontrolled sex instinct of the negro is often, if not most often, a perversion of the very strength of the negro character, the veneration of the superman he builds for himself in the white race. Just once on my travels I found a storekeeper who declined to hang such pictures where his negro customers could see them. There, of course, may be others who observe like scruple, but it is rare, and yet his case ought to be universal in the South, in the heavily populated negro sections at least. OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, July 18.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GARY SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The genesis of the Gary school system recently discussed in your columns is interesting and should be instructive.

When the South Chicago plant of the Steel Corporation outgrew its premises and hostile legislation threatened to forbid expansion on its present site, a site, eagerly offered with a bonus in Indiana a few miles away, was accepted. As if by Aladdin's lamp, mighty buildings arose where the sand of the Indiana dunes piled itself in fantastic shapes with every change of the vagrant wind; where stunted oak was alternately undermined and overwhelmed by drifts; where a few snakes hid in scanty bushes and seagulls screamed on a desolate horizon. The clangor of steel on steel, the hiss of pent-up steam, the roar of furnaces succeeded the mournful whistling of the wind, the lazy lapping of the surf, and the lone cry of the bittern booming in the sedgy shallow. Owl and chipmunk fled before the rusty glare of molten metal that burned a hole in the sky at night. The unpeopled solitudes of as desolate a stretch of beach as can be found on the Great Lakes of a sudden swarmed with life and activity. The town of Gary sprang up in a night.

Into the neighborhood of the mills, living at first in tents, huts, and dugouts, poured a motley throng of polyglot laborers, not of German, Scandinavian, or British origin, as was the case with the original South Chicago mills, but a heterogeneous horde of humanity from southeastern Europe, totally un-American in thought, habit, and action. With them came the officials of the new mills, men of the highest American type, broad, liberal, cultivated, conscientious pioneers, captains of industry, empire-builders—the brains of the new body politic and industrial.

These master minds of the Steel Corporation, not unmindful of duty to their fellowman, planned the town streets, public buildings, and sanitary arrangements. They planned wisely and well for the purely material side of life; but the moral and intellectual development of the new settlers they delegated to others. Every religious denomination was welcomed with open arms.

Carte blanche was given to the schoolmaster to evolve a system suited to the needs of the majority of the community. The school problem and its means of solution were decidedly peculiar if not unique. As is well known, in our American school system of indigenous growth, the consensus of public opinion in each locality determines the development of education; the schoolmaster may indeed lead, but he cannot go too far or too fast for the rank and file of taxpayers to follow.

But in this appanage to the colossus of machinery on the dunes of Indiana, the taxes were paid by the Corporation almost entirely, while among the polyglot laboring class constituting the bulk of the population there was no consensus of opinion, probably scarcely any comprehension of the question at issue. The elimination of the money problem in education and the absence of public control over administration were entirely novel features in a problem always thus complicated. The mills paid the bills; the public was inarticulate.

The social status of the majority of the pupils was of the humblest and most plastic. They knew nothing better, nothing worse than that given them; they had no standards of comparison. They and their parents accepted everything as it came, as a part of the day's work in that strange and incomprehensible country, America. Outside attractions of non-scholastic nature — movies, theatres, dances, social functions of a complicated urban life—were at first absent. Mills, sands, schools, *voilà tout!*

With the purse of Fortunatus open, with public control non-existent, the remaining factors of the problem were the poverty, ignorance, and unfamiliarity of the parents with American ways and ideals. In fact, they were willing and glad to have the state under guise of education assume the parental function for their children, children who spoke the prevalent language of the country and really understood American ways better than their parents.

Naturally, the aims of the school authorities were to keep the children busy during their waking hours and off the streets, to mould them into the American matrix, to smother and extinguish old-country traditions and

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prejudices, to make reasonably good citizens of them—and finally, to teach them, or the most of them, a trade more or less connected with steel making. The situation reminds one of the familiar concept of the early political philosophers—a sort of pedagogical Robinson Crusoe's Island, where all complications of modern gregarious and interlacing influences are eliminated, and free play is given to the elaboration of one idea. Within two hours' ride of one of the greatest cities of the world, Gary was a specialized, built-to-order microcosm of its own.

Under such extraordinary conditions, what was the outcome? An elaborate school system exactly fitted to the needs of the majority of the community which it served—newly arrived immigrants of low social, mental, and political culture, isolated and unaffected by urban influences. In short, a combination of the methods of the day nursery, kindergarten, and social centre applied to a trade school as a feeder to the one and only industry at its doors.

Barring a few minor defects that can be cured in time, such as lack of discipline and lack of concentration due to encouragement of the migratory instinct by constant change of room and teacher, the system is undoubtedly a success—in Gary. But, as man's food, clothing, shelter, and social institutions must vary with and be adapted to his environment, whether in Duluth or Key West, Arizona or The Bronx, it may be doubted whether educational institutions suited to and arising from the peculiar conditions of Gary are adapted to conditions radically different from Gary.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, July 10.

HAMLET'S MOTHER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your critique of Forbes-Robertson's farewell "Hamlet" you deplore the traditional colorlessness of the "King." Let me speak a word for the "Queen," whose traditional incoherence is more to be deplored than her husband's colorlessness, since her character—one with which we're all familiar enough in life!—is, in my opinion, the keystone of the tragedy and the key to the mystery which has puzzled the wise men for generations—even more obvious than the key to Christian's dungeon, which at least was out of sight in his pocket, while this one is in plain view, sticking in the lock.

The Queen, as played, is a muscular, hard-featured, elderly virago, from whose lips, intoned in a deep bass, the impossibly sentimental account of Ophelia's suicide—why in the world didn't some one pull the girl out?—comes with a ludicrous effect enhanced by the calm complacency with which it is delivered; Shakespeare's Queen probably cried. A pretty woman, prone to laughter or tears, no longer young, to be sure, but by no means old—supposing Hamlet to be thirty, she need not have been more than fifty—and still possessing charm, great charm for men, as her son himself acknowledged; that any man should be accused of calling that awesome dowager

his mouse,
And paddling in her neck with his damned fingers!

Even her first husband, in spite of her outrageous behavior, kept a tepid spot for her in his chilly ghost's heart—

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught—

which restriction, supported by his natural feeling for his mother, is quite sufficient to account for Hamlet's inaction, since it was impossible to head a revolt against the King without injuring the Queen, as she had managed, with the fatuity of her kind, to place herself, quite innocently, in a singularly compromising situation. There is no reason to suppose that she was privy to her husband's crime; she had been indiscreet, of course; her first husband was a bit beyond her—

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command—

what an overpowering companion for a poor woman who only asked to be amused and caressed! Small wonder that she turned from this "Hyperion" to the "Satyr," and really behaved extremely well in keeping him at arm's length until after "your father's terribly sudden death, my dear, which nobody deplored more than I; of course, our marrying so soon was in rather bad taste; still, I must say, I consider your behaviour most unkind and unjust." And Hamlet knew that if he gave the world the story he had to tell, the world's attitude to her would be even more unkind and unjust; people had drastic ways of expressing their disapproval in those days; apart from the Ghost's injunction, a man shrinks from the thought of his mother "chopped in pieces quite ridiculously small." Remained one way of placating his father's "perturbed spirit"—counter-assassination; and from this he shrank in every fibre; to such an extent that he became in his own eyes, by the mere contemplation of it, an accursed thing. He tried to make his mother leave her husband; his hard words—harder and more brutal for the very difficulty he found in speaking them at all—made a brief impression, but ultimately slipped off her fatuous complacency like water off a duck's back; then followed Nemesis and Chaos—but why need there be any question of madness? It is all, admitting the premises, as inevitable as a Greek tragedy; it is just such women that set "tall Troy afire." When I saw Bernard Shaw's kittenish Cleopatra, I wondered if he had not perhaps solved the mystery of the Sphinx.

M. A. A.

Concord, Mass., June 14.

SLIGHTING THE CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The trustees of Syracuse University have been asked to change the courses of study in the College of Liberal Arts of that institution, so that students, entering without any knowledge of Latin or Greek, may procure the degree of bachelor of arts for studies entirely ignoring the classics, should they so desire. This would mean the abolition of the degree of bachelor of science, the degree of bachelor of philosophy having been done away with some years ago. Knowing how widely the *Nation* is read by academic persons, I ask the courtesy of its columns for information from other universities where this change has been made, as to the effect of the change. I should be grateful also for news of similar proposals made elsewhere which have been rejected, and for comments upon the innovation, by scholars who wish to maintain the highest standards of American culture.

WILLIAM HARMAN VAN ALLEN.

Boston, June 25.

Literature

DISRAELI AND NO END.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. By George Earle Buckle. Vol. IV. 1855-1868. With portraits and illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Sainte-Beuve appealed to "messieurs les érudits" not to publish every manuscript they unearthed, and the present reviewer would protest against the inordinate length to which Disraeli's biography is slowly being stretched. Here we have the fourth volume of 600 pages, and on the scale adopted there will be at least two and probably three more. Macaulay objected to 2,000 pages on Burleigh, saying that Dr. Nares's book "might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpah and Shalum." But human existence is shortened, and to ask so large a part of it for a single work is too much. To make our criticism specific, this volume could have been greatly cut down, without injury, by leaving out most of the insignificant letters of Disraeli to his queer friend and benefactress, Mrs. Willyams, by omitting many of the extracts from his speeches, and, above all, by condensing rigorously the long political explanations and disquisitions of Mr. Buckle himself. Once an editor himself, where was his blue pencil? He seems to forget that it is a Life of Disraeli which he is writing, not a history of his times.

The twelve years now covered are among the least romantic of Disraeli's career, yet they were big with fate for him. He was gradually strengthening his hold upon the Tory party, and making himself indispensable to it. For the larger part of the period he was leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and in that work his "creative side" was "starved." Yet he displayed nimbleness of intellect, resourcefulness along with audacity, and withal a tact and patience in party management during the lean years of exclusion from office which deserved and won the praise of Walter Bagehot. Not that even this made him popular with his fellow-partisans. They used him; they delighted in his verbal fireworks and his triumphs in Parliamentary tactics; but they disliked him. Disraeli was well aware of this. He wrote in 1860 that "the Tories . . . chalk the walls in the market place with my opprobrium"; also that the Liberal assertion was true that "my leadership of the party is one of 'chronic revolt and unceasing conspiracy.'" The titular head of the party, Lord Derby, confessed: "As to Disraeli's unpopularity, I see it and regret it." Disraeli had, in truth, to put up frequently with manifestations of a feeling of "deep and bitter humiliation" on the part of the aristocrats whom he led. They accepted him; but it might be said of them, as Rosebery has alleged of the noblemen of Pitt's day, that "they supported him on their necks, as his foot was there." It was only necessary for Disraeli to bide his time. He

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saw success coming his way; and, as he wrote, "with success, one can bear anything." When Derby retired in 1868, on account of ill health, there was nothing for the Queen to do but to send for Disraeli. "Yes, I have climbed the greased pole," he said jauntily.

The chief Parliamentary event of this part of Disraeli's life was the extension of the franchise in 1867, during the brief Derby Ministry. Over this, and especially over Disraeli's part in shaping and enacting a bill a thousand times more democratic than those he had stoutly opposed when offered by Liberals, there has been endless and bitter controversy. There were Tory seceders and Tory denouncers. Lord Cranborne (afterwards Lord Salisbury) and Robert Lowe cried out upon Disraeli's shameless betrayal, as they called it. The country was being auctioned off, they said. But Disraeli took the bold line—bold in everything except admitting his own inconsistency—won over Bright, laid Gladstone on his back, "dished the Whigs," and made himself an inevitable Prime Minister. What is new in the account here given is the evidence that Queen Victoria strongly desired a liberal enlargement of the franchise. Letters from her, printed in this volume, show that she feared something like a revolution if a generous Reform Bill were not passed. On this point Mr. Buckle gives us many more documents than did John Morley in his Life of Gladstone.

On the human and social and literary side of Disraeli we do not get much that is novel. There are a few good anecdotes, and a sprinkling of clever sayings. For example: "An election, a play, a race, a speech, to a certain degree, are always a chance." Disraeli, by the way, said that there was no gambling like politics. Of the Emperor Napoleon he wrote in 1860 that he was "in a scrape, but he is so clever that his scrapes are preferable to other persons' success." Disraeli was flattered by Napoleon, and quite deceived as to his powers. To America, during the Civil War period, there are naturally many references. Disraeli was more our friend than Gladstone was, at that time of trial, though both he and the Queen were certain that the Union could not be restored. The Tory Democrat was frankly fond of great society: "We dined sixty guests of the high nobility. . . . Such plate, such diamonds, so many Duchesses and Knights of the Garter were never before assembled together." With this went Disraeli's excessive devotion to the Queen, upon whom he laid flattery "with a trowel," and whose heart he won by his tremendous laudation of Prince Albert. But we also have glimpses of Disraeli not in court dress and in domestic scenes. "I found Dizzy last night at the Carlton sitting at table with the Duke of Buckingham, and in a very amusing mood. 'You find me poisoned and robbed. . . . He forces me to drink a bottle of champagne with him, which always makes me ill, and then borrows £50 of me.' It was worth £50 to see Dizzy's face." Finally, there is his wife's account of his going to her, instead of to the Carlton, after his dazzling victory in the House:

> Dizzy came home to me. I had got him a raised pie from Fortnum and Mason's, and a bottle of champagne, and he ate half the pie and drank all the champagne, and then he said: "Why, my dear, you are more like a mistress than a wife."

And Mr. Kebbel, to whom she told this, added: "I could see that she took it as a very high compliment."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Buffoon. By W. Louis Wilkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

This is a "first novel" of extraordinary cleverness and uncertain promise. It belongs, in a negative way, to the Wellsian school. The central figure, that is, represents a revolt against the conventions which formerly governed the composition of heroes of fiction. There was a time, let us say, when the novelist made an attempt to interest us in a person or a group of persons for whom we might naturally expect to develop some sort of respect, or at least liking. It was fairly well understood that if an anthor expected us to spend a number of hours, and to read hundreds of pages, in order to get acquainted with certain persons of his introduction, they ought to be in some sense worth knowing. We expected a hero to be, with all his faults, a man, and not a mere mental ass or moral flibbertigibbet. All that is changed. The favorite procedure of the new school is to dangle before us by the scruff some spineless puppy, and to call upon us to examine at length its physical points. And the inference is that we are all more or less spineless puppies, all little Hamlets of tin or putty. No more empty figment has ever been manufactured by pseudo-literary convention. There is doubtless a languid, feebly intellectual, totally unmoral class of young man, in character denatured and nullified by æsthetic dissipations. But it is a very small class, a class contemptible and pretty nearly negligible, unless for the extensive advertising given it by its spokesmen, the new novelists. The real strength and meaning of the modern world lie altogether elsewhere—its health, its hope, its stability. Now it may be said that there is in the present book, with all its weary pother about the ass Edward Raynes, and his associates, a sort of recognition of this fact. Towards the end, Raynes appears dimly to suspect what an insufferable fellow he is. The death of the one man he has really warmed to, the outbreak of the war and its opening human vistas, promise to rouse him out of his stuffy self-worship. But it is all vague and inconclusive; we leave him murmuring, after his oracle: "There is only one philosophy, the philosophy of resignation." . . . "Edward, as he stepped on, looking through and beyond all that present whirl and stir, was at this especial moment not striving to pierce nor curious to guess what lay before him. Birth does not give clear sight. He saw nothing, not even the poplars of France under a misty dawn." If this means that he is about to be shot in the head in a French trench, we can only feel that we might cheerfully discover his name among the slain. Cannon-fodder, by all means!

The Ivory Child. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Again the creator of Allan Quatermain has exhumed his hero, to exhibit him in miraculously good condition. Here is the same old Allan, small and brave, dead shot with a rifle, and master hand at adventures. The scene opens in England, with a house-party display of Allan among the shooting-irons. But this is merely an expedient for getting away upon the real hunt. Lord Ragnall is the host. He is betrothed to a beautiful and very English maiden. A peculiar birth-mark has revealed her to the representatives of a remote African tribe as their hereditary high-priestess. Attempts have been made to abduct her, and one of them is made at this time. It fails; but later, after her marriage to Lord Ragnall, she is actually carried off. Quatermain is now in Africa, at a loose end, unless for a plan to look up an immense store of ivory fabled to be far in the interior. He readily volunteers to join Lord Ragnall in the search for his lost bride, and the real business of the story begins. This involves, of course, a vast deal of fighting and manœuvring among various native tribes, immense perils for Quatermain, and his final extrication of himself and the lady from an apparently hopeless position. Prominent among the *personæ* is a devilish elephant, Jana, worshipped by one of the tribes, and destined to meet his end, after centuries of savagery, at the hand of Hans, Quatermain's Zulu henchman. The romancer's hand has not lost its cunning, the tale flows along with the same pleasant gusto, the same efficient thrill, as its predecessors, and there seems to be no reason why our friend Quatermain may not yet be good for a dozen or a score more yarns of that kind of adventure which is the chosen fare of perennial youth.

Captain Gardiner. By Robert Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

We confess something of a prejudice against stories dealing with the future. Conceivably a good one might interest the period with which it attempts to deal, both by its true and by its false prophecies. Posterity might find some amusement in comparing such a story with itself; but we are not in a position to "check it up." As readers of fiction, most of us are inclined to say, "After us, the deluge." Let the morrow take thought for the novels of itself. Time, too, seems to be rather jealous of these anticipations, and seldom allows one to survive. Probably he will not spare "Captain Gardiner," the action of which is supposed to take place about fifty years after the close of the present war. The war, it is assumed,

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ended with a federation of the Western world, from which China and Japan, for some unspecified reason, were excluded. The federation has maintained an international police force of 800,000 men; but now, after a long peace, it is proposed to cut down the force by one-half. The Oriental nations have long been planning an attack on the over-confident West, and their scheme awaits only the reduction of the International Police to be put into effect. The hero, Leslie Gardiner, is an American captain in the service of the Intelligence Department. Just after he has fallen in love, he is sent with another officer on a most dangerous mission to Pekin. He is to obtain copies of the secret treaties between China and Japan, and of the plans for the Mongolian attack. The two officers are caught in a trap set by the wily Prince Wu; they are allowed to find the papers in an underground chamber, where they are shut in and captured. Meanwhile, however, the other officer commits suicide, after commanding Gardiner to cut open his body and conceal the papers there. Gardiner, subjected to torture, reveals their hiding-place; but the body has been stolen by a native spy of the Federation, and the papers forwarded to London. They arrive barely in time to prevent the reduction of the force, and the authorities of the Federation resolve upon an immediate attack upon the yellow races. Gardiner, escaped, undertakes a series of desperate enterprises in the war, hoping at first to lose his dishonored life, and later to remove the stain from his name. The story is not free from the faults which pursue narratives of its kind; but it is told skilfully and spiritedly, and holds the attention of even a prejudiced reader.

Nan of Music Mountain. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Romance is not dead yet in Mr. Spearman's Rocky Mountains. True, when the hero, representing law and order, publicly beards the bad man-in-chief, and "gets away with it," the encounter comes off nowadays in a barber shop where the *deus ex machina*, predestined to intervene in a crisis, is getting his shoes shined in the corner. True, when Nan requires to be rescued it is a telephone message that sends her lover to her aid. But what is an effete accessory or two in a story whose geographical nomenclature still includes "Thief River," "Calabasas," and "The Spanish Sinks"—a story wherein a love-emboldened stage-line manager is forever riding in, and the notorious Morgan band, on depredation bent, are forever dashing out through "Morgan's Gap"—a story in which "Meet a friend" is still the pacific formula for introducing a newcomer to a mistrustful native, and motives are still inherited from the days when sheepmen and cattlemen waged war? Mr. Spearman comes as near reviving the old wild Western brand of fiction as is possible in this generation; certainly he is faithful to its traditions, and by dint of his own enthusiasm he has actually succeeded in prolonging a favorite literary illusion for at least another season.

THE DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE.

New Wars for Old. By John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

It is an easy thing to dispose of the radical pacifists with a sneer or two—"those abject advocates of national dishonor"—and so be done with them. But really to understand their point of view is another matter. And it is hardly too much to say that one has no right to an opinion on the pressing problems of war and peace and national duty until one has given much solid thought to the questions which the pacifist raises and the reasons which he can advance in favor of his proposed solution. Mr. Holmes has therefore laid the thinking public under a real debt in presenting so clearly and forcibly the case of Radical Pacifism or Non-resistance, as he has done in the book under review.

The problems of peace, security, and national ideals, according to Mr. Holmes, compel us to choose between the two conflicting doctrines of force and non-resistance. The former of these finds its ultimate justification in an interpretation of all forms of activity in terms of the struggle for existence. With this biological doctrine as a fundamental principle, it is supposed to follow that international peace and national security must, in the last resort, rest upon arms and armaments, and that the really worthy ideals, for both individuals and nations, will be summed up in the Nietzschean will-to-power. Though the half-hearted militarist and the moderate pacifist occupy positions which seem different from that just described, in the author's opinion they come practically and ultimately to the same thing: what Mr. Holmes calls the "Logic of Force" must drive all but the extreme pacifists into the arms of the Bernhardis. For "once agree that the use of force is necessary, and therefore can be justified under certain conditions, and lo, before you realize it, you are moving steadily on from step to step, from stage to stage, and at last are justifying the use of force under all conditions." If oppression justified the American Revolution, it justifies Mrs. Pankhurst, redskins on the warpath, and the MacNamaras. You can draw no line, for "oppression is a condition existing, not in the outer world of affairs, but in the inner world of the mind." Nor does the plea of self-defence escape any more easily from this inexorable "logic of force." Alexander VI hanged Savanorola, Caiphas crucified Jesus, and the Germans invaded Belgium all "in defence" of some institution or cause, and so were justified if "defence" be a justification.

But not only does Mr. Holmes maintain that the logic of force will drive whoever dallies with it into its extreme position: he undertakes to show by the plain evidence of biology and history that the doctrine itself, with all its biological boastings and its specious arguments, is thoroughly fallacious. If ever living organisms were built upon the Bernhardi model, these were the mighty warriors of the antediluvian age—the mastodon, the dinosaur, the glyptodon, armed to the teeth and frightfully "prepared." "Surely if force ever did its perfect work, it did it in the persons of such magnificently equipped creatures as these. And yet when we look abroad over the world to-day to find these monsters and congratulate them, we search for them from pole to pole in vain. They have vanished, every one. But at the very time when these monsters of the prime were bestriding the earth like so many colossi, other creatures, diminutive in size, puny in strength, unarmed in any way for either attack or defence, were struggling here for life; and *mirabile dictu*, these are the creatures which survived!" And the reason for their survival is just that they depended not upon force, but upon coöperation and ultimately upon something like love and self-sacrifice, as Mr. Holmes insists, and because the energy which their mighty opponents expended in fighting they devoted to the increase of strength, the multiplication of energy, the conserving of life. Thus force has been beaten at its own game, and it is the meek who have inherited the earth.

The doctrine of force, therefore, utterly fails; and we turn to its alternative, the doctrine of non-resistance. This term, our author admits and indeed insists, is a misnomer; yet, considering its historical association, he can find no better. The thing which the pacifist defends under this name is no cowardly acquiescence in evil, but rather "an essentially positive and indeed aggressive state of mind and attribute. The true non-resistant is militant—but he lifts his militancy from the plane of the physical to the plane of the moral and spiritual." The true meaning of the doctrine is to be found in the command of Jesus: "that ye resist not *him* that is evil." The non-resistant will indeed resist evil, and may resist with violence the evils of the inorganic and the sub-human world. It is only rational creatures that he will not resist with violence. If they seek evil ends he will indeed resist them too, but not by force. He will not be guilty of the folly of descending to the level of evil himself and fighting it with its own evil weapons. For he has at least three weapons of his own much more trustworthy in the long run than they. These are "passive resistance," the appeal to reason, and, best of all, genuine good will and love.

In a large sense, then, non-resistance is the most practical of doctrines, for by it alone is lasting progress ever made. But the opponent of pacifism may still put the usual stock riddles as to what one should do if threatened by a highwayman or in case one's wife were insulted or one's country invaded. Is non-resistance practical here? In the first place, Mr. Holmes answers, no one pretends that non-resistance will work infal-

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libly in each and every relation of life, but merely that taken in the large it will work very much better than force or anything else. And in *nearly* every case, if given an honest trial, non-resistance *will* work. "Who that knows the power of love can doubt its efficacy, even in the most dreadful emergencies of life? 'Love never faileth.' Love softens all enmity, disarms every foe." Yet "it is useless to deny that even the noblest lover of his kind may now and then encounter accident. The non-resistant's house can boast no certain immunity from burglary, his wife may fall victim to assault, his land may be precipitated into war, and thus exposed to hostile invasion. What, under such unusual circumstances, is he to do? The answer is easy—he is to appeal with calm poise and sure reliance to the spiritual weapons of reason and good will."

For war, according to Mr. Holmes, is never justifiable. Neither self-defence, nor the defence of any cause, however noble, can be a just excuse for descending to the level of force. And our duty as a people is to put aside arms and armaments and, in their place, to cultivate mutual understanding and good will with all the world. For so we shall at any rate save all that is best in our country—the great ideals of brotherhood and democracy for which it stands:

> What if the soldiers of another nation should occupy our territory, seize our ports, capture our cities, occupy our strongholds, levy tribute upon our citizens? What if Germany came here to-day as she came to Belgium yesterday? Would she not find it as impossible to conquer "the soul of America" as she has already found it impossible to conquer the soul of Belgium? No conqueror that ever lived could destroy the sense of brotherhood that is at the heart of our American life; no sword that was ever forged could smite the love of democracy which is the impulse of our civilization. A free people would still be free, even though in chains—and a valiant spirit still survive, even the hour of death. Nay, we will not only not be conquered, but we will ourselves be conquerors in this higher realm of the spirit. Let our enemies come against us with sword and shield and trumpet, and we will meet them with our faith in brotherhood and democracy. And, behold, in the very process of this conquest, they will themselves be conquered.

In reviewing this book it has seemed only fair to give as detailed an exposition of radical pacifism as space would permit; hence little can here be said by way of criticism. A few words, however, may be ventured. In the first place, Mr. Holmes's insistence that we must all agree with him or with Bernhardi may fairly be challenged. Surely there is a place for a more moderate view. Doubtless Mrs. Pankhurst and the MacNamaras and others of their ilk will always try to justify themselves by much the same arguments as those commonly applied to the American Revolution; but does this prove that they are *really* justified? Is it wrong to defend a noble institution because an evil one may plead self-defence as its excuse for tyranny? There is something odd about a "logic" which is unable to distinguish between Caiaphas and King Albert. Nor is Mr. Holmes's biological and historical argument for the futility of force by any means conclusive. One would almost gather from his pages that "force" ceased to be used in the animal world when the last dinosaur died. A saner biological view, with no preconceived thesis to prove, would see in the victory of the wolf, the microbe, and the man over the mastodon and his allies, not the triumph of love over force, but, in part at least, the invention of new kinds of force; and if here we must draw a moral, the logical one would seem to be, not the substitution of pacifism for preparedness, but of submarines for Dreadnoughts. In argument as in war it never pays to underestimate your foe: and little as one may like it, there is no doubt that force is still enormously more influential than one would guess from reading Mr. Holmes's brilliant but rather shallow chapter.

What the pacifist's argument really shows —and this indeed it was most important to demonstrate—is the truth, that trust, good will, and love, where they can be effectively applied, bring much more permanent results than force, and bring them, as a rule, at a much lower cost. The whole question is, Can they always be effectively applied? Whenever this is the case, love should be chosen in place of force by the wise, practical man as well as by the idealist. It is true, moreover, that love often proves itself effective where there was little reason to expect it, and that the course of history and of evolution shows a steady increase in the relative efficiency of coöperation, reason, and good will as compared with that of force; so that men of faith have a right to hope that in the course of time the meek shall inherit the earth. And yet one must remember that that time has not yet come and that love is efficient only when it rouses in the mind to which it is addressed a response sufficient to overcome the lower and more impulsive or egoistic motives; hence in each case the important question is, Will love here rouse such response? The problem of non-resistance thus becomes largely one of psychology; in every case we must ask ourselves whether we have any reason to suppose that love will have as great an influence on our opponent as his lower impulses and interests. If the non-resistant really thinks that love *always* has this influence, let him try preaching the doctrine of good will among Indian tigers and cholera germs. Mr. Holmes insists that men differ from germs and tigers in being always open to the appeal of love and reason; but the question whether they are or not is one of fact and can be determined only by experience. An unprejudiced study of psychology and of history will hardly support so pleasing a view of human nature. In short, the mistake of the radical passivist is the old fallacy of easy and sweeping generalization, and an unwillingness to wait for experience. If this be true, the man who acts for the real welfare of the race will not be he who invariably uses force, nor he who invariably practices non-resistance, but rather he who adapts his action to the particular situation in which he finds himself, and who at times makes use of love alone, at other times of love and force, according to the character of the person with whom he has to deal.

To base a national policy on so unempirical a philosophy as that of non-resistance would be short-sighted and doctrinaire. To meet an unprovoked invader with nothing but "calm poise" and "the spiritual weapons of reason and good will" might indeed save the "soul" and ideals of a nation; but it is to be feared that the "soul," deprived of a body, would be of little efficacy for good, and that the ideals would remain very far from realities so long as no one was found willing to defend them with his life. This world is not so poor but that it possesses some things worth fighting for. And the empirical evidence at hand would seem to show that in the world, constituted as it is at present, crises occur in which these precious things must be fought for if they are to be preserved.

VIRGIL AS A WAR SOLACE.

Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans." Observations on Æneid VII, 601-817. By W. Warde Fowler. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

Those who slay Greek and Latin anew with every club that comes to hand have been prophesying that the oft-slain must really succumb for good and all in the overwhelming need for "immediate efficiency" demonstrated by the European war. Meanwhile, like the younger Pliny, poring over his Livy while Vesuvius was hurling destruction down over its vine-clad slopes upon the town below, some have found relief from the horrors of the time in turning again to the records of a remote past. Warde Fowler, too old and deaf for the service which he would gladly render to England in the field, has been seeking in the pages of Homer and Virgil and Milton, he tells us, some solace for what seems to him the darkest period known to Europe since the tenth century. His book went to press, be it said, in the autumn of 1915, before the slow but sure preparations of England and Russia had fully set the stage for the more hopeful scenes now in progress. The theme of his study is a passage which the careless reader might classify as a perfunctory imitation of the method of Homer and pass over as of no special importance—the detailed description of the various Italian peoples gathered to the side of Turnus to repel the invasion of Æneas and his band. Mr. Fowler prints the text of the passage, Æneid VII, 601-817, facing it on opposite pages with the excellent verse-rendering of Mr. James Rhoades. After ten pages of general comment, he devotes sixty pages to observations on specific lines and paragraphs. The passage is compared, naturally, with its prototype in the Iliad, with the gathering of

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the Italian contingents against Hannibal in the "Punica" of Silius Italicus, and with Milton's marshalling of the heathen deities and devils against Jehovah in the first book of "Paradise Lost." Virgil wrought the material at hand into a magnificent pageant, while Homer, yielding to one of the drowsy spells which Horace was willing to concede to him in the intervals between his more brilliant flights, rose hardly above the level of a mere "catalogue." Silius followed Homer rather than Virgil, and from lack of genius sank bewildered under the mass of his details. Milton looked to Virgil rather than Homer for his guidance, and warming to the greatness of his theme, fairly surpassed his model in the splendid outburst beginning with the words, "All these and more came flocking," and continuing in unbroken magnificence to the end of the book.

But all this is a matter of "mere literature," and perhaps one should beg the pardon of Mr. Abraham Flexner for stopping to mention it in this age of immediate realities. Mr. Fowler comes nearer, perhaps, to the things of to-day in his attention to a feature of the Æneid too often unnoticed—its relation to what he calls the "Italian policy" of Augustus. We are apt to forget that the mere political unification of the Italian peninsula under the rule of Rome had not welded its varied human elements into one homogeneous mass, though the later fortunes of Italy ought to make us wary of assuming anything like complete unification for any period of its history. To use the language of to-day, Augustus needed to "mobilize" the resources of Italian sentiment, not only as an agency in building up a strong empire, but especially to bury out of sight and mind beneath the alluring vision of a greater Rome those really revolutionary changes which he had wrought in the Rome of old—changes which grated so unpleasantly on the feelings of most of the nobility of the older era who still survived, and kept smouldering the fire which might break out in a counter-revolution, should the wind ever blow from the right quarter. Into this unifying policy Virgil entered with all the resources of his genius, not from servile compliance with a patron's will—Augustus had better sense than to encumber his policies with "literary" support of that stamp—but as one in whose spirit the long-continued horrors of civil war had bred an intense longing for the things of peace. T. R. Glover, whose studies in Virgil are in general of such great value, is a little misleading in his statement that Virgil finds the color and movement of human life and the unfolding of human character more moving than the play of political principles, and that in contemplating Roman history he is attracted more by the heroes than by the great forward movement of political thought implied in the growth and progress of the Roman state. In the composition of the Georgics a deep and powerful motive was surely to serve the Roman state by drawing the thoughts and feelings of his people back from the hazards of civil war and the corruptions and extravagances thereby begotten to the old-time love for the soil of Italy, its vineyards and its olive orchards, its sheep and cattle and horses that spoke of peace and plenty, untouched by war's alarms. And the Æneid took its form under the constant vision of a distracted and blood-stained land to be led into the pacifying and unifying conception of a Rome too great, too intimately bound up with the movements of an age-long divine destiny, to be wasting its energies in internecine strife over the relatively unimportant matters of the moment. Let it be remembered that the idea that Virgil was supporting an "Italian policy" of Augustus in writing an epic based on such a motive does not require us to believe that Augustus himself ever rose to the grandeur of the conception of Virgil.

From this higher point of view, Virgil had no easy problem before him in handling "the gathering of the clans." His "greater Rome" must be dignified by doing full honor to that side of its ancestry which came from ancient Troy, and at the same time no offence must be done to the ancestral pride of the great Roman families about him who claimed descent from one or another of these clans which were mustered in the futile attempt to thwart the will of Destiny by driving the Trojan invader from Italian soil. Neither Homer before him nor Silius in the century after was forced to steer his poetic boat between any Scylla and Charybdis of the kind, but the passage was dexterously and gracefully made. If the Italian tribes fought against the founder of the Rome that was to be, they did it from no unworthy motive of their own. They are deceived by the unscrupulous power of an unfriendly divinity, working through the agency of the odious fury Allecto, who herself appears in misleading disguise. In their own bosoms the only conscious motive is a wholly unobjectionable patriotism. Æneas and his followers, on the other hand, are driven by the resistless power of Destiny, and when the inevitable war is fought out, the necessary concessions are gracefully made on both sides. Mr. Fowler's handling of this phase of the Æneid, particularly prominent in the passage in question, is timely for two reasons. In the first place, the study of Virgil is still too much under the influence of a class of unfavorable critics who condemn the Æneid as a work of art because they do not grasp the end towards which the author was working and resent in the picture of Æneas the absence of human qualities which Virgil could not have given to him except at the sacrifice of that end. Again, the study of this larger conception of Virgil in the Æneid, with its problem of bringing unity and peace where division and bloodshed had reigned, is not without its possibilities of fruitful suggestion for the present age, with its problem of the organization of the civilized world of to-day, not into a Roman Empire, but into some form of unity which may achieve some of those higher ends which the few noble spirits of Virgil's mould fondly hoped to effect through the Roman Empire.

Notes

It is announced that the Dial Publishing Company has acquired from Herbert S. Browne and Waldo R. Browne the complete ownership of the *Dial*, and that hereafter the business management of that publication will be under the direction of Martyn Johnson.

The Century Company announces for early publication "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont," by Adele Luehrmann.

The following publications of George H. Doran Company have been announced: "The Revelations of a German Attaché," by Emil Witte; "German Barbarism," by Leon Maccas; "In Brief Authority," by F. Anstey; "Youth Unconquerable," by Percy Ross; "Miss Pandora," by M. E. Norman.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for early publication the following juvenile books: "The Story of Lord Kitchener," by Harold F. B. Wheeler; "Boys' Book of Pirates," by Henry Gilbert; "Heroes of the Great War," by G. A. Leask; "Story of the Indian Mutiny," by Henry Gilbert; "The Boy Settler," by Edwin L. Sabin.

The Club for Colonial Reprints, 68 Waterman Street, Providence, R. I., announces the forthcoming issue of its sixth publication, with the title "Hypocrisie Unmasked," by Edward Winslow, reprinted from the original edition printed at London in 1647, with an introduction by Howard Millar Chapin.

The following volumes in fiction and biography are announced for publication in the autumn by Houghton Mifflin Company: "The Romance of a Christmas Card," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "The Wall Street Girl," by Frederick Orin Bartlett; "Filling His Own Shoes," by Henry C. Rowland; "Helen," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy; "A Man of Athens," by Julia D. Dragoumis; "Tales of the Labrador," by Wilfred T. Grenfell; "Skinner's Dress Suit," by Henry Irving Dodge; "The Child Lover," by B. Y. Benediall; "Martin Connor," by Oswald Kendall; "Life of John Fiske" (2 vols.), by John Spencer Clark; "Life of John Marshall" (2 vols.), by Albert J. Beveridge; "Letters of Richard Watson Gilder," edited by Rosamund Gilder; "Ulysses S. Grant," by Louis A. Coolidge; "Portraits of Women," by Gamaliel Bradford; "Henry David Thoreau: A Critical Study," by Mark Van Doren; "The Penny Piper Saranac," by Stephen Chalmers.

The following volumes, in addition to those noted above, appear in the autumn list of Houghton Mifflin Company: War books—"Carry On!" by Ian Hay; "With Turks in Palestine," by Alexander Aaronsohn; "French Perspectives," by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Poetry—"Complete Poems of John Hay" (limited edition); "Riders of the Stars," by Henry Herbert Knibbs; "Poems," by Florence Earle Coates; "A Sea Garden," by "H. D."; "Glory of Toil," by Edna Dean Proctor; "Mothers and Men," by H. T. Pulsifer; "Poems," by Josephine Preston Peabody; "Poems," by Anna Hempstead Branch (the last three in a New Poetry Series). History—"Charles XII, King of Sweden," by John A. Gade; "A Brief History of Poland," by Julia Swift Orvis. Essays—"The Pleasures of an

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Absentee Landlord," by Samuel McChord Crothers; "Music and Life," by T. W. Surette; "How to Read," by J. B. Kerfoot; "Speaking of Home," by Lillian H. Tryon; "New Reservation of Time," by William George Tucker. Religious—"Aspects of the Infinite Mystery," by George A. Gordon; "Living for the Future," by J. R. Slater; "The Syrian Christ," by Abraham R. Rihbany. Travel—"A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf," by John Muir; "The Story of Scotch," by Enos A. Mills; "A Year in Thoreau's Country," by Herbert R. Gleason; "Bonnie Scotland," by William E. Griffis. Miscellaneous—"The Layman's Book of Medicine," by Richard C. Cabot; "Saints' Legends," by Gordon Hall Gerould; "French Etchers of the Second Empire," by W. A. Bradley; "Prints and Their Makers," by Fitz-Roy Carrington; "The Business of Being a Friend," by Bertha Conde; "Taxation of Land Values," by Yetta Scheftel; "The Motorists' Almanac," by William L. Stoddard; "Gleanings from Old Shaker Journals," by Clara Endicott Sears; "A Catalogue of Arretine Pottery," by Arthur Fairbanks; "Catalogue of Etchings and Dry Points by Frank W. Benson," compiled and arranged by Adam E. M. Paff.

Autumn publications of the Yale University Press are announced as follows: "English Literature from Widsith to the Death of Chaucer," by Allen R. Benham; "Some Cursory Remarks, Made by James Birket in His Voyage to North America, 1750-1751" (Yale Historical Publications, Manuscripts, and Edited Texts, Vol. IV); "Jacopo Carrucci da Pontormo," by Frederick Mortimer Clapp; "The Tidings brought to Mary. A Mystery," a translation of "L'Annonce Faite à Marie," by Paul Claudel, made by Louise Morgan Sill; "Documentary History of Yale University," compiled by Franklin Bowditch Dexter; "Mohammed and Islam," a translation of "Vorlesungen über den Islam," by Ignaz Goldziher; "Writings on American History, 1914," compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin; "The Drama of Savage Peoples," by Loomis Havemeyer; "Liberty and Discipline. A Talk to Freshmen," by A. Lawrence Lowell; "Pepys on the Restoration Stage," edited with an introduction by Helen McAfee; "The Dated Alexander Coinage of Sidon and Ake," by Edward T. Newell; "A Bibliography of Thomas Gray," by Clark Sutherland Northup; "Society and Prisons," by Thomas Mott Osborne; "The Beginnings of Yale," by Edwin Oviatt; "The Poems and Amyntas of Thomas Randolph," edited by John J. Parry; "Jeffersonian Democracy in New England," by William A. Robinson; "Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures in the Jarves Collection, belonging to Yale University," by Osvald Sirén; "Woman's Suffrage by Constitutional Amendment," by Henry St. George Tucker; "The Testament of William Windune and Other Poems," by James H. Wallis; "The Book of the Yale Pageant" (to be presented on October 21, 1916), edited by Wilbur L. Cross and George H. Nettleton.

"The Cruise of the Tomas Barrera," by John B. Henderson (Putnam; $2.50 net), is an expansion, for the general reader, of the author's diary and field notes of a collecting expedition along the northwest coast of Cuba. Mr. Henderson is perhaps best known by his book on American Diplomatic Questions, the fruit of his association with the Hon. John W. Foster, whom he served as secretary during Mr. Foster's employment as diplomatic adviser to the Chinese Government. He is a man of many interests, however, and a collecting tour in Cuba is not unfitting for one who maintains active membership in the geological and biological societies of Washington and the National Geographic Society, who has held the presidency of the Audubon Society of Virginia, and is a regent of the Smithsonian Institution. Possibly it is the very competence acquired from these connections that leads him to warn the reader at the outset of possible errors in his conclusions. One of the characteristics which distinguish the nature faker from the naturalist is the failure to realize that possibility. Mr. Henderson's original aim was to procure material for a study of the entire molluscan fauna of the West Indies, in connection with his own collections of the marine mollusks of the keys of southern Florida. The scope of his efforts was broadened, however, so as to cover both the land and marine fauna and flora, together with the most obvious geological features, of the region visited. He first interested Dr. Carlos de la Torre, of the University of Havana, and the two then invited several others to join them, among whom were George H. Clapp, a director of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, and Dr. Paul Bartsch, curator of the Department of Marine Invertebrates of the National Museum at Washington. The expedition was brief, occupying only a month of actual work in the field, but seems to have been quite successful in the amount and variety of material gathered. This is now in the Museum at Washington, for study and final report by the experts of the United States Government.

Two recent volumes on the Panama Canal may be considered together: "America and the Canal Title," by Joseph C. Freehoff (published by the author; Sully & Kleinteich, selling agents), and "The Construction of the Panama Canal," by William L. Sibert and John F. Stevens (Appleton; $2 net). "I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on the canal does also." So said Mr. Roosevelt in a public address, yielding to his besetting temptation, the love for that "smart" type of utterance which takes so readily with that class of Americans whose last word in political argument is *"We want Teddy!"* But the "taker" of the Canal Zone has not been able to maintain the jaunty air with which these words were uttered. Though the Congressional debate and the canal have gone on, there has also continued a criticism of the methods by which the Canal Zone was obtained, so effective that he has more than once winced painfully under its lashes. Witness, for instance, the following outburst: "There are in every great country a few men whose mental or moral make-up is such that they always try to smirch their own people, and sometimes go to the length of moral treason in the effort to discredit their own national Government." To Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Freehoff's volume on the Canal Title will doubtless seem an aggravated instance of such treason. To most readers, however, it will only strengthen the uncomfortable conviction that the honor of the United States was seriously compromised in the capture ("I *took* the Canal Zone") of the zone through the so-called revolution of Panama, and that there is no hope of the passing into oblivion of the wrong until some suitable reparation is made to Colombia. Nothing is plainer than that the tendency towards a pan-American unity is hampered by no other influence so injurious as that which prevents the ratification of the Colombian treaty. Mr. Freehoff's volume contains little that has not seen the light before, but he has rendered a highly desirable service in bringing together a mass of evidence wholly irresistible in its cumulative force. The effect of this book should be to hasten the day when the Senate will conclude that it is more important to clear the record of the country than to "save the face" of an ex-President. In an appendix of over fifty pages Mr. Freehoff gives copious extracts from President Roosevelt's message of December 7, 1903, and the entire message of January 4, 1904.

The volume of Mr. Sibert and Mr. Stevens is a lucid, non-technical account of the actual building of the canal, from the time when its site was "taken" down to the spring of 1914. Mr. Stevens was formerly Chief Engineer and a member of the Canal Commission. Mr. Sibert was for a time on the Commission, and was in charge of the building of the Gatun locks and dam, and of the channel from Gatun to the Atlantic. It will, therefore, satisfy the requirements of those who want to hear from "the men who do things," and is preferable from every point of view to the hasty accounts of roving copy hunters who have neither time nor training to understand the problems with which they attempt to deal. The authors do not hesitate to describe their miscalculations and failures as well as their successes, and their story gives one a vivid realization of the enormous and complicated difficulties which have been met. It cannot be said that the final impression is wholly reassuring. The evidence of considerable changes in level, now downward and again upward, suggest at least the possibility that a permanent geological equilibrium has not yet been reached. Two former channels of the Chagres River or its tributaries were discovered at a point more than two hundred feet below the present sea level. Spanish-American republics are not the only type of instability to the south of us. We can only hope in either case that the more disastrous cataclysms are behind us. In the matter of illustrations, this book comes very close to being *sui generis*. Every one of its twenty-seven photographic plates actually *illustrates*. From cover to cover there is not a single case of a picture for the picture's sake, or for any purpose whatever extraneous to the better understanding of the text. The index is inadequate.

An emotional plea rather than a piece of sober argument, Maximo M. Kalaw's "The Case for the Filipinos" (Century; $1.50 net) is the work of a young islander who, educated in Manila, has received a thorough schooling in matters connected with the movement for Philippine independence during five years as secretary to Manuel Quezon, Resident Commissioner. It is the fresh and sincere voice of the younger and aspiring generation, recognizing what this country has done in taking over and training the Filipino people, but proud of their now maturing spirit of nationality, and looking forward to the time when the archipelago will pursue its way without outside interference. It would be possible to find many faults in the book. It is not well arranged, too much space being given to the history of the period from 1898 to 1905, and too little to developments in the ten years since the Filipinos began to play a considerable part in their own government,

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and since the United States began to treat as a question of immediate interest the date and method of their complete liberation. In places it is too assertive to be good argument; it would be more persuasive if it contained specific information on the progress of the islanders in education, in the production of men trained in government and in a spirit of common patriotism triumphing over racial, tribal, and sectional divisions. But it does succeed in telling much about the commercial aims of most retentionists, and about what the Jones bill would accomplish. Above all, it rises at times almost to eloquence, as in the chapters dealing with the slanderous campaign which has made many think of the seven million Christian, cleanly, and industrious Filipinos, with 4,000 schools and a university older than Harvard, as if they were the six hundred thousand Moros who are only slowly emerging from savagery. There are many excerpts from the speeches of Señor Quezon.

The teachings of the Utilitarians in England from the appearance of the school to the death of its greatest exponent are treated by William L. Davidson in a concise and interesting handbook in the Home University Library (Holt; 50 cents each), under the title "Political Thought in England from Bentham to J. S. Mill." To the two central figures named is devoted the greater part of the book, though some attention is paid also to the elder Mill. George Grote, John Austin, and Alexander Bain each receive a few paragraphs. The chief fault of the book is a tendency to defend Utilitarianism and to extol its prophets to such a degree that just criticism is excluded. Thus readers of the chapters on Bentham might carry away the idea that his systems of ethical, sociological, and political thought were all but faultless; for not only do no reservations creep into the account of the progressiveness and soundness of his views, but he is defended without compromise from all the attacks upon him mentioned. There are other objections to Bentham's philosophic views than the two which are here riddled, and the just eulogy of his great reformative conceptions ought not to overlook the general impracticality that led the philosopher in his London closet to devise revolutionary codes of law for India, America, and Russia, and to rail at mankind when his schemes were rejected. The main distinction between J. S. Mill and Bentham, the former's recognition of differences of quality as well as of quantity in pleasures, is, however, emphasized. The sketches of both the Mills are excellent examples of précis-writing, but little more, for it is impossible to add much interpretation or comment in a work so brief. Their views are exhibited at length, but not later opinion of these views. In the same series is now included a volume on "Poland," by W. Alison Phillips, which brings order out of a complex record involving directly four nations. The book is by no means neutral, as the last chapter on The Poles and the War shows, but while looking forward to a self-governing Poland under Russian suzerainty, it does Austria the justice to state that her treatment of the Poles has been gentler than either Germany's or Russia's.

The fact that the same press has issued in close succession two volumes having bookplates for their subject is a sure indication of an increasing interest in the art. More of us each year are learning that much of art can find a place in the small compass of a book-label. A few months ago we noticed in these columns a collection of "Some American College Book-Plates," published by the Champlin Press, of Columbus, O., and now the same firm has sent forth a charming group of "Book-Plates by Carl S. Junge" ($1 post paid). Mr. Junge is one of our younger designers whose work has attracted favorable notice—and justly, too, for it possesses more than one appealing quality. In it are displayed considerable originality and enough cleverness. These traits, coupled with an artistic sense and excellent draughtsmanship, place Mr. Junge's product on a distinctive plane. The little volume before us reproduces thirty of the artist's plates, and most of them have both charm and spirit. Moreover, they are not overcrowded with detail, and the resultant simplicity is one of their best characteristics. Mr. Junge has been particularly happy in designing book-plates for children. The plate made for Cleon Goble, which serves as a frontispiece, was awarded first place at the recent exhibition held by the American Bookplate Society in New York city, as the most artistic and appropriate design for a child. A well-known authority on the subject of *ex-libris*, Mrs. Zella Allen Dixon, pleasantly introduces the present collection with an essay on "The Making of Book-Plates." The volume is an artistic bit of bookmaking, and a marvel of cheapness. Imported Dutch and American deckle-edge papers have been used throughout, and the binding is of genuine Japanese wood veneer. The edition is limited to two hundred numbered and signed copies.

Romain Rolland's book "Au-Dessus de la Mêlée," which was ably reviewed in a communication by Marion E. Bowler, published in the Correspondence Supplement to the *Nation* of February 10, and which was also the subject of a letter from our Paris correspondent, has now been translated into English by C. K. Ogden, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and is published in this country by the Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago ($1 net), under the title "Above the Battle." The translation, which is notably well done, is to be cordially welcomed. These articles of Rolland's, which have caused intense bitterness among a large section of his fellow-countrymen, have only been translated by scraps into English, and the author's position has consequently been widely misunderstood. The publicity given by this translation to Rolland's actual words should serve to correct certain prevalent misconceptions.

A paper read before the British Academy "On Mahdis and Mahdiism" by Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, of Oxford, has been reprinted in pamphlet form from Volume VII of Proceedings of the Academy, and issued by the Oxford University Press. Professor Margoliouth has exhaustively surveyed the material contained in Islamic literature, discussing the relative importance of the various claimants to the title from the time of 'Ali, whose story is told by Ibn Sa'd and fifty years later by the indefatigable Tabari. As Professor Margoliouth points out, the Christian, the Jewish, and the Islamic systems all share the idea of an expected Deliverer. "They differ, however, somewhat in the formula employed. The Christian thinks of a Second Coming, the Jew of one who is to come, while the Islamic phrase is 'come forth' or 'rise up,' suggestive of appearance after concealment or of rebellion against existing authority; for this latter notion is expressed in several Semitic languages by the word which signifies come out." In the Islamic record the strictly Messianic character of the title is continually lost or modified according as the personal ambitions of the various claimants become identified with that of sovereignty. While asceticism and the religious paraphernalia essential to gaining a fanatical following was a prime requisite, yet a political complexion usually colored and led to the downfall of successive claimants. The most recent example of any importance was that of the Sudan Khalīfah, crushed at Omdurman by Lord Kitchener, and authoritatively described by Sir Reginald Wingate in "Fire and Sword in the Soudan": the Sudan troubles being perpetuated until their extinction at Omdurman by the fact of the successful Mahdī of 1881-1885 leaving an empire and four lieutenants, "which indicates," as Professor Margoliouth remarks, "a curious conception of the meaning of the word *khalīfah*." But an Imām, as the Turk has found in Arabia, and Mahdīs, as the French and British have found in Africa, are recurring epidemics peculiar to the more fanatical manifestations of Islam.

It was something more than a happy thought which led the author of three studies of John Wycliffe, John Wesley, and John Henry Newman to bind them together by the thread afforded by the relation of each to the great conservative university. ("The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford and Their Movements," by S. Parkes Cadman. Macmillan; $2.50 net.) This common relation gives a certain unity to the three epochal movements associated with the names of Wycliffe, Wesley, and Newman. Each was a product of the Oxford spirit; each was repudiated by the university in its official character, and each was finally accepted as marking one stage in the slow forward movement for which the name of Oxford stands. There was an obvious temptation to force this analogy too far, but Mr. Cadman has successfully resisted it. He has given us three quite independent studies with only so much of reference to the university as serves to keep the connecting thread in mind. It is a distinctly encouraging sign that a working clergyman, busied with the cares of a city parish, should find time for the careful reading upon which this book is based. It is an unusual piece of work, of which the dominant trait is sympathy, intellectual and spiritual. The three types of leadership here represented are as diverse as can well be imagined. Wycliffe, the realistic philosopher working out his conclusions by the painful and minute processes of the scholastic method; Wesley, the fiery revivalist orator stirring unwilling multitudes to a sense of personal responsibility; Newman, the shy, aloof, hesitating poet of the spirit, never satisfied until he has thrown himself into the arms of an authority which straightway begins to chafe him—these are certainly challenging subjects for a balanced judgment. It is a good deal to say that one may rise from this book without any certain opinion as to just where the author's personal sympathies lie. He presents with equal candor the strong and the weak sides of each of his leading personalities, and shows how in the long result that which was really significant made

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its way into the general advance of religious life and thought. The style is dignified and straightforward, without undue ornament, yet not dull. Brief lists of books in connection with each essay will be helpful to the general reader.

In "Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes—Their Rights and Remedies" (Dutton; $2) Mr. Louis Heft has written a useful handbook on the rights of railway bond- and note-holders—useful, that is, to the ordinary layman who expects to take an intelligent interest in his investments and desires to understand in a general way where he stands in event of receivership and reorganization of the property whose obligations he holds. The book may be commended to trustees and those who are charged with the responsibility of investing and keeping invested other people's money. Being wholly without references to either statutes or cases, State or Federal, it makes its appeal to others than those of the legal profession.

Drama

SHAKESPEARE IN JAPAN.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKIO, June 1.

The literary surrender of Japan to the West is coming to be quite complete, as it seemed this spring when we turned our faces instinctively to Shakespeare to be rescued from the literary drought, and with no slightest suspicion of the Baconian authorship, blew most ardently our trumpet blast on his three hundredth anniversary, to use Ben Jonson's words, "to the memory of our Beloved Master and his writings that neither man nor muse could praise too much." The names of Othello and Hamlet, made familiar to us by moving pictures, are now even on the tongue of the dwellers in the slums of Tokio; more than one magazine in April brought out a Shakespeare number, and even gave the impression that Stratford was no farther than Kamakura.

I admit that there are many Japanese students who demand a wide license for a new interpretation of Shakespeare from their Japanese point of view, and who look enviously upon the German audacity in saying that he was discovered in Berlin. I am told that we Japanese, still with the reminiscent emotions of a feudal romanticism, often cowardly, always violent, making life's purpose more obscure, are better fitted to understand Shakespeare than the present race of Englishmen who take a literary pride in breaking up the Victorian compromise, and that we are so fitted from the very point of resemblance with the prevailing spirit of Shakespeare's time, single-hearted and yet reflective, highly ambitious and yet uneasy, and therefore paradoxical and often bizarre. As in the Elizabethan age, Japan in the Genroku period slowly began to leave mediævalism, joyous, ornamental, but at the same time despotic and hard, for an age more democratic and even careless. And when we observe the spiritual difference between Elizabethan England and present Europe, we cannot help thinking that we Japanese are not yet far off, happily or unhappily, from the spirit of the former, since New Japan of this age of rejuvenation only shook off the color and passion of feudalism fifty years ago. If we can say that the heroes of Shakespeare—Othello, Hamlet, and perhaps Timon—in whom the working of two extremes, weak and strong, slow and swift, merciful and cruel, lead to a final destruction, were more or less an exposition of the *morale* and pride of the feudal age, whose principal effort was to put back by a violent act the wrenched life into her course, there is much reason for the assumption that we Japanese are better qualified to interpret them. What I mean is that we, too, although we are rather late, hope to claim Shakespeare from our own point of view.

It is an old story that Shakespeare was first introduced into Japanese with "Julius Cæsar" in the early part of the Meiji era, that is to say, more than thirty-five years ago, by Dr. Tsubouchi, who has been ever since the most stanch propagandist of Shakespeare. As was natural for the writing of three decades ago, this adaptation, wrapped in the old ornamental phraseology, was obliged to assume a different aspect from the majesty of the original. Let me inform you that Dr. Tsubouchi's authoritative translation of Shakespeare counts now some ten plays, "Macbeth" being the latest addition. His translation of "Hamlet" was used as a text by Bungei Kyokai, or the "Dramatic Association," while he was taking an active part as its president. It is to the credit of the Association, as it seems to me, that it created at least Shunsho Doi's Hamlet, of which I wrote at the time: "He was too eloquent, and over-hurried in speech. However, the fact of his being non-professional in the strict sense of the word was most delightful; his amateurishness was, I think, the very reason of his beautiful youthfulness; he made out quite a vigorous Hamlet, not a world-wearied Hamlet of the Western stage. It seemed to me that he had a certain reflection of Sothern of America in his pose, but his face was more like Bernhardt's; as a whole, he suggested Rostand's L'Aiglon rather than Hamlet." Before this Doi, it was by Kawakami (husband of Sada Yacco) that "Hamlet" under the Japanese name of Hamura, as was natural at an elementary period of Shakespearean interpretation, was successfully staged, with an emphasis rather on the point of revenge than on justice, and therefore merely melodramatic and bloody. When, however, I saw this performance in 1905, I remember I thought that it was rather a good beginning of "Shakespeare on the Japanese Stage" for people who still liked on the stage as well as in life to be baffled, not by wisdom as with Hamlet, but by the exposition and development of physical color. But when Sadanji Ichikawa, newly returned then from Europe, presented the court scene of "The Merchant of Venice" in 1909, the general understanding of Shakespeare in Japan was much advanced; Sadanji's art in making Shylock a little too grotesque, even with a German extravagance, was thought rather clever of him in Japan, where people hardly understood how a Jew should be of a despised race. It was the work of the said Bungei Kyokai to stage "Macbeth" a few years ago under the careful supervision of Dr. Tsubouchi, to impress Japanese minds with the tragedy of one betrayed by worldly lust. You see that we have already spent a good many years on this Shakespearean study; I think that "The Merchant of Venice," under the name of the "Law-Suit with Human Flesh as a Pledge," was the very first play to be put on the Japanese stage; and due credit should be given to Charles Lamb for his tales from Shakespeare, whose simple limpidity of style is the envy of many Japanese translators.

On the other hand, we see some Japanese who only adapt Shakespeare's work to advantage, and use his theatrical experience to make him more eligible for the common theatregoers; that, too, is not bad. A year or two ago I saw the best specimen of that kind in "The Sound of the Bell," an adaptation of "Timon of Athens." The first scene opens in the garden of Viscount Hozumi, the Japanese Timon, where flattering friends—like Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius in the original—many geishas, and servants gather round the Viscount; Ventidius appears here as Baron Takemura, the father of Yukiye, wife of Viscount Hozumi, who will be the chief factor in ruining the Viscount. Before the scene closes Yukiye is seen taken away by force from her husband's house. The second scene is the Central Station, where Viscount Hozumi is seen as a boot-black, and Fusaye, his little daughter, as a flower-girl; and here Yukiye meets her former husband after many years. When she makes herself known to Fusaye, her deserted daughter, the latter is forbidden even to touch her by the terribly impoverished Viscount, who has grown to hate all human kind and love. The third scene is the bell-tower, where Viscount Hozumi, as its keeper, and his daughter live; it is snowing fast when Yukiye comes to see her daughter, and, if possible, the Viscount, to lay her sorrow and her repentance again before him. He curses, reviles, slanders, and decries her in the wildest language; he is pretty well represented as one who, as in the original, "alive, all living men did hate," and bade them pass by and even curse if they wished, but not to stay their gait. It is dramatic when Yukiye, now mad, runs up to the tower after every hope has gone, rings the bell, and with the last peal kills herself. The title of the play, "The Sound of the Bell," is quite suggestive, at least to the Japanese mind.

But if we believe Seseiyen Ihara in *Waseda Bungaku's* Shakespeare Number, the first to adapt Shakespeare in Japan was Tsuruya Nanboku, one of the well-known playwrights of the early nineteenth century, who wrote "Kokoro no Nazo toke Iro-Ito," or "The Riddle of Heart-Threads Solv-

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ed," evidently from "Romeo and Juliet." But the tragic climax, blind and mad, of the original was turned into a comedy whose amusing aspect was, doubtless, more appreciated by people of that time who trusted in the general victory of joy. If you question the possibility of a Japanese of almost one hundred years ago coming in contact with Shakespeare's plays, thinking that the isolation policy of the Tokugawa Government was perfectly compact in those days, Mr. Ihara will tell you that it was quite possible to see Shakespeare smuggled in the pages of medical books or scientific treatises in the Dutch language, which strayed to Deshima off Nagasaki at that time.

Dramatists, like poets, are born, not made. This is one sufficient reason why such books as "The Technique of Playwriting," by Charlton Andrews (The Home Correspondence School, of Springfield, Mass.; $1.50 net), are not likely to be of much practical value. Persons capable of writing intelligent answers to the questions propounded in the examination papers which follow the various lectures do not stand greatly in need of the proffered instruction, which is mostly obvious. Those who have no intuitive sense, or acquired knowledge, of the object, scope, or first principles of dramatic writing would save themselves much futile labor by not attempting it. There can be no doubt that Mr. Andrews has a very wide and intimate acquaintance with modern plays and the theatrical business generally. He writes well, exhibits much sound judgment, cites many highly respectable authorities, and furnishes innumerable analyses—by no means badly done—of successful but, in too many cases, valueless and ephemeral pieces. What he has to say concerning the selection of a theme, plot, characterization, construction, dialogue, etc., is, as a rule, correct enough, though wofully trite, but his chief aim seems to be to indicate, by quotations of notorious examples, the quickest road to financial success in the theatre. To the fulfilment of that ambition, unfortunately, artistic technique is not always a supreme necessity, nor is it a feature of many of the compositions enumerated.

Music

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS ON MUSIC.

Studies in Musical Education and Æsthetics. Vol. X. Hartford: Waldo S. Pratt. $1.60.

The Natural Method of Voice Production. By Floyd S. Muckey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Expression in Singing. By H. S. Kirkland. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1 net.

The Larger Forms of Musical Composition. By Percy Goetschius. New York: G. Schirmer.

The Musical Education of the Child. By Stewart Macpherson. The Boston Music Co.

Ten years ago the Music Teachers' National Association began to publish the proceedings of its annual meetings in volumes worth preserving by members as well as by others who are interested in the pedagogics of music. So far about 4,500 volumes have been distributed. The tenth series includes a complete index to the contents of these volumes, an index which bears eloquent testimony to the variety and importance of the topics discussed, and which will tempt many who glance at it to purchase a complete set, for the reduced price of $11. For libraries, especially of educational institutions which include music in the curriculum, such a set will be found invaluable. The index is arranged both by names and by subjects. The tenth volume includes papers on the Training of the Teacher, by J. Lawrence Erb; Qualifications of the Modern Orchestral Conductor, by Theodore Spiering; Relation of the Choral Conductor to the Professional Orchestra, by Frank Damrosch; Facing the Future in Harmony, by George C. Gow; A Freer Conception of Musical Form, by W. R. Spalding; Music in the Universities of Europe, by Otto Kinkeldey; Measurement of the Pitch of the Voice in Singing, by C. E. Seashore; The Band as a Community Asset, by A. A. Harding; A Study of the College Glee Club, by T. C. Whitmer; The Litchfield Choral Union, by Waldo S. Pratt; Music of the Synagog, by Rabbi Jacob Singer; Value of Music to the Physician, by Theodore Zbinden; Influence of Folk-Song upon Artistic Progress, by Otto Kinkeldey; and a number of other papers on special topics.

To the subject of community music, which has assumed such prominence in the last year or two, several essays are devoted. Mr. Harding calls attention to the surprising fact that there are more bands in the State of Illinois than towns, and that each locality which boasts a band is as proud of it as of its baseball team. Inasmuch as ten persons hear a band to one who attends other musical performances, it is obvious that it can be made a potent agent in educating the public. Mr. Harding indicates eight ways of helping on such a movement. Whether, on the other hand, any good can come out of college glee clubs one feels inclined to doubt after reading Mr. Whitmer's paper. He begins by quoting from the humorous column of a newspaper the remark that "the intercollegiate glee-club contest differs from football in that it is *not* the participants who suffer"; and after examining the programme and the doings of some college glee clubs, he frankly acknowledges that the standard of the musical entertainment in our proud seats of learning is "infinitely below the concerts given by the mixed choruses of a few distinctive department stores."

In another paper, Liborius Semmann finds in commercialism the explanation of the musical savagery of young men in America. They "have no time for music; they even consider it a feminine occupation. This is a deplorable condition in the life of our country. It keeps the boys away from the refining influence of music, and they need this influence. I do not wonder that our girls complain that it is so hard to find a refined husband." Perhaps it is unfair to make the American boy the principal scapegoat. His parents are not much better. J. Lawrence Erb laments the facts that we, living in the richest land on the globe, with dozens of cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants, have resident opera in less than half a dozen of them, and symphony orchestras in less than a dozen; while our ecclesiastic music, except in a very small proportion of churches, "is a disgrace." In Philadelphia, as Mr. Spiering notes, the orchestra in fourteen years had deficits amounting to three-quarters of a million. Thus there is ample room for the music teacher to do missionary work throughout the land in awakening an interest in good music.

It is to be regretted that only a page is given in this volume to what is really the most important and interesting topic referred to in it—the tonoscope, a picture of which faces the title page. By singing into an ordinary phonograph and then listening to his voice, a vocalist can detect and correct shortcomings. The tonoscope registers the pitch of the voice in singing and speaking on the principle of moving pictures, thus enabling students to train the voice and the ear by aid of the eyes. According to Mr. Seashore, "every singer finds room for improvement in pitch-accuracy when the magnified errors are revealed by the instrument." He refers to diverse educational uses to which the tonoscope can be put.

The use of photography as an aid to singers is also illustrated in Dr. Muckey's book on "The Natural Method of Voice Production." It describes his apparatus for photographing the vocal cords while producing tone, and gives the results obtained by this method during eighteen years of experimenting. Some of the leading singers of the immediate past, including Nordica, Calvé, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, consented to have their voices photographed, and the author undertakes to show how, by following the "natural method" elucidated in his book, these singers could have eliminated the flaws in their singing, and, above all, made their voices last longer. According to Dr. Muckey, we should be able to sing and speak effectively as long as we can walk. But now it is with most artists as with the famous singer who remarked: "Twenty years ago, when I had a voice, I had no reputation. Now I have a reputation, but I have no voice." The author agrees with the late Professor Hallock that "the concert-hall singer sings in overtones," neglecting the fundamental tones. The "natural method" teaches how to avoid this error. It is asserted of it that it is particularly serviceable in class teaching, and therefore also in schools.

When Mendelssohn heard the first performance of his "Elijah" he was much displeased with the soprano soloist's singing: "It was so pretty, so pleasing, so elegant, at the same time so flat, so heartless, so unintelligent, . . . I could go mad even today when I think of it." In his "Expression in Singing" Mr. Kirkland dwells on some of the things vocalists need besides beautiful voices. He was a pupil of the

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famous Garcia (who declared that "the human voice deprived of expression is the least interesting of all instruments"), and also of Dr. Vogt, who has taught the famous Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto to sing with remarkable expression. What a whole choir can be made to do individuals surely should not find beyond their attainment. Mr. Kirkland does not present a systematic treatise, yet there is much in his rambling talks on Quality, Color, Power, Meter, Emphasis, Articulation, Modes of Vocalization, Song Selection, and Choral Singing that is worth reading and digesting. Of particular interest are his remarks on the proper interpretation of some of MacDowell's songs. Musicians are finding out that the songs of this American deserve the same careful study as those of the great European masters.

The fourth book on our list is by one of those professionals to whom beauty of tone and even expression in music are of secondary importance to question[illegible] form. Percy Goetschius's "The Large[illegible]ms of Musical Composition" is his thi[illegible]ook on this branch of the art. It descri[illegible]s in great detail the Variation forms, in[illegible]ling the Passaccagla and the Chaconne. [illegible] Ronde forms are discussed from eve[illegible]nt of view, as are the sonata (allegro [illegible]s. A chapter is devoted to the Ove[illegible] while the last section considers the [illegible]pound forms. Some students will be [illegible]ppointed to find that of the 231 pages of [illegible]reatise only two are devoted to that "l[illegible] form" which at present is favored b[illegible]mposers far more than any other—the [illegible]phonic poem, or tone-poem, [illegible]ated by Liszt, which emancipated orc[illegible]e from the tyranny of stereotype[illegible]s the author agrees that "the arch-ene[illegible] of all art-creation is monotony," it is surprising that he did not give more attention to these most important of all musical forms. Perhaps he will devote to them a separate volume. It would no doubt be warmly welcomed, at least if he executed it according to the ideas of Saint-Saëns as expressed in his "Portraits et Souvenirs," and the elucidations of Richard Pohl in his volume on Liszt.

The most suggestive and valuable remark in Professor Macpherson's book on the "Musical Education of the Child" is printed as a footnote: "In one particular school of which I have recently heard, the teachers of other subjects are always anxious to have the children immediately after their music-class, as they invariably find that they are then more alert, responsive, and *alive*." None of the arguments in favor of musical education for children of which this volume is mainly made up carries greater weight than this simple observation. The author places special emphasis on the fact that, as the London *Times* put it, "we are coming to see that appreciation is more valuable than performance." In other words, it is more important that children should learn to like good music than play it after a fashion before admiring relatives and friends.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

AFTER TWO YEARS.

Two years ago, almost to a day, Austria declared war against Servia, and just a week later Europe was in flames. Consternation seized America. Two startling facts confronted us, as we supposed. Europe would soon be bankrupt, which would mean untold loss to us in the settlement of current accounts with this country; and her impoverishment would force her to liquidate her holdings of American securities, estimated as high as $6,000,000,000. The first anniversary of the outbreak of the war was not a fitting time to test the validity of these apprehensions; every effort was being made to stabilize the situation, but there were still too many great problems of immediate importance to be solved.

A year ago we could congratulate ourselves that the return flow of American securities had done us no harm. Furthermore, our figures of foreign trade exceeded every expectation. The fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, lacked but one month of synchronizing with the war, and showed that our exports had increased more than $400,000,000 over 1914, and more than $300,000,000 over 1913, the previous high-record period in the matter of exports. An interesting fact was that this extraordinary showing was made in the face of a general and very marked depression in American industry. Another noteworthy occurrence was that our imports had fallen about $220,000,000 below those of 1914. These results were ascribed wholly to the war, and were therefore viewed with mixed satisfaction.

But when the best was said, there still remained the unsolved problem of the foreign exchanges. From the beginning of the war chaos had reigned in this field. The frantic efforts of Americans to settle their current accounts abroad had at the start carried exchange on London to a height comparable to the wild advance of Northern Pacific stock to 1,000 in 1901. This was followed, when Europe realized that her exigencies could be met only by extraordinary purchases in this country, by a decline in exchange to practically $4.50, against a par of exchange of $4.86. Until exchange on London could be stabilized, there was bound to be great apprehension here, as well as abroad. At that time it was inconceivable that Europe could continue to ship us gold on the scale then attained.

A year ago we were also in the midst of the excitement occasioned by the sinking of the Lusitania. The fear that we should be drawn into the European vortex was in many minds. The military situation abroad was also disquieting. The Germans were engaged in the great drive which was soon to put them in possession of Warsaw, and this and other occurrences created the contingency of a more drastic reshaping of political and economic influences than had previously been believed possible.

The past year has wrought a remarkable change. Twelve months ago the situation was characterized by what, for want of a more explicit term, may be called the element of immediacy. To-day that element is, by comparison, conspicuously absent. The forces now at work are bound to effect economic transformations beyond our power of conjecture, but they are no longer disruptive. A year ago there was no sure basis for future development; to-day, while it would be futile to predict what the future has in store, it is possible to see and measure the facts confronting us with well-regulated economic imagination, instead of with the hysteria of two years ago, or t[illegible]e sheer stoicism of twelve months ago.

This change [illegible] feeling has been occasioned by the gre[illegible]osperity which has characterized i[illegible] in general since last autumn, b[illegible]stonishing ability which Europe ha[illegible]yed in shipping gold to this coun[illegible]he consciousness that the wealth, [illegible]sequently the spending power, of t[illegible]d was very much greater than had [illegible]pposed, and by the improved tone [illegible] international intercourse. Especially r[illegible]ing has been the knowledge that th[illegible]ger part of our increased industrial [illegible]ity was due to a legitimate dem[illegible] our products, rather than to an exige[illegible]emand directly connected with the war. [illegible]uring the first twenty-two months of the [illegible]ar our exports exceeded $6,000,000,000. [illegible] this amount, $1,202,000,000, or about 20 pe[illegible]cent. of the whole, represented war materials of all descriptions. That is, the exports of non-war materials in these twenty-two months just about equalled the combined exports of the fiscal years 1913 and 1914, the former being the record year in our history.

Two years have measurably restored the philosophic mind to American finance and industry. They have habituated it to sudden, unexpected, and undreamed-of developments. The result is that we face the future with a spirit in marked contrast to that which we possessed at the corresponding periods of 1914 and 1915. The work of reconstruction is well under way. The next twelve months may present many problems of the most perplexing nature, but they cannot be more difficult than those which have vexed us since July, 1914. We are conscious, as never before, not only of our resources, but also of our resourcefulness.

The nature of these problems can only be conjectured. So long as the war continues, we should be able to adjust ourselves to its varying aspects with comparative ease. We have certainly demonstrated our ability so to do during the past month. The recent advance in the rate for call money in New York to 6 per cent. was not disquieting to those familiar with the situation. It was clear that the advance was ephemeral, and that a natural and automatic corrective would speedily be at work. This episode is easily explained. The rise in the

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call rate was occasioned by a variety of causes, the first and most powerful being the action of Federal Government in shifting practically $100,000,000 of deposits from national and State banks to the Federal Reserve banks in the course of two weeks. This huge sum was, to all intents and purposes, removed from active employment and locked up, in face of the fact that there had been a heavy reduction in the resources and surplus of the New York banks. As the Treasury has, under the Federal Reserve law, the choice of keeping the Government deposits in either the Federal Reserve banks or the national and State banks, its action in the present instance has naturally been subject to a great deal of criticism.

Contributing causes were not absent. The banks, it is reasonable to suppose, must have been alive to the necessity of curbing speculation in certain classes of securities. The time is quite sure to come when the enterprises represented by these securities will have to adjust themselves to entirely new conditions, and there have been intimations from various sources that this period will be reached in the not remote future, if it has not already been closely approximated. It is suspected, too, that the advance in the New York call rate was made with an eye to its effect upon the country banks, which were under the temptation to draw down their balances in New York in order to take advantage of an extra half per cent. return.

Still another reason for he advance may have been a desire to put this market in a more advantageous position for the negotiations in connection with the new French loan in this country. The success of the loan has recently been announced, and American investors certainly have no ground for quarrelling with the return which it will net them.

Without any of these contributing causes, the New York banks would have been fully justified in the course they pursued, in face of the huge Government withdrawals, and with the crop-moving period close at hand. The result was almost instantaneous. London, with its increasing need of financial assistance from this country, could not afford to let our money market run away from it; consequently, the Bank of England promptly advanced its rate a full 1 per cent., bringing it up once more to 6 per cent. To the same end, the movement of gold to New York was augmented, $20,000,000 arriving in one day.

The most interesting phase of the current situation is found in the gold movement. The end of the war cannot be predicted; the effect of peace upon our industrial situation is a problem which no financial mind is competent to solve. The only thing which seems reasonably certain is that Europe will be able for months to come to send us gold in sufficient amounts to settle all of her indebtedness that cannot be taken care of by ordinary banking methods. It is predicted that by December 31 her 1916 shipments to the United States will aggregate $400,000,000. There are some things that can be taken for granted, and one of them is that our phenomenal receipts of the metal will prove a strong counteraction of the worst effects attending the close of the war.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Clutton-Brock, A. The Ultimate Belief. Dutton. $1 net.
Fox, W. S. The Mythology of All Races. In thirteen volumes. Vol. I—Greek and Roman. Boston: Marshall Jones Co.
Haynes, W. Sandhills Sketches. Casco Bay Yarns. Haynes & Co. $1 net each.
Osborne, T. M. Society and Prisons. Yale Univ. Press. $1.35 net.
Rowe, H. K. Society: Its Origin and Development. Scribner.
Wardle, A. G. Handwork in Religious Education. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Goodwin, W. A. R. The Church Enchained. Dutton. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Gilman, S. Principles of Accounting. Chicago: La Salle Extension Univ.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Andrews, M. R. S. Old Glory. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Rolland, R. Above the Battle. Translated by C. K. Ogden. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

JUVENILE.

Kingsley, C. The Water Babies. Edited by J. H. Stickney. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents net.

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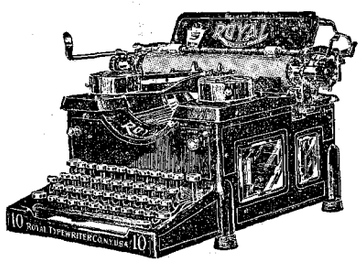

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